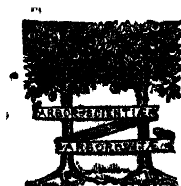
English Verse

BALLADS AND ROMANCES

EDITED BY

W. J. LINTON AND R. H. STODDARD



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INTRODUCTION.

THE history of balladry, if it could be accurately traced, would supply a missing chapter in the history of English Verse. But it cannot be so traced, for its origin was vocal and not literary, and when it became literary it had ceased to be balladry. To tell us that the word ballad is derived from the Old French *baller*, to dance, and that it meant a song sung to the rhythmic movement of a dancing chorus, is merely to define its etymology, and indicate a particular form of Old French Verse which the young poets of to-day are trying to revive in England. When we speak of balladry we have in mind such compositions as Sir Patrick Spens and Chevy Chace, the inspiration of which, whatever it may have been, was not the inspiration required for the composition of dancing songs. It was of simpler and older parentage, going back to that unknown period of antiquity when man discovered in himself the strange gift of metrical expression, and devoted it to the service of the gods which he worshipped, and the memory of great men who lived before him. The first poetic births of the primitive races were hymns and ballads: children of their hymns were the Bibles of

these races, and children of their ballads were their epics—Iliads, Nibelungenlieds, Cids, and the long train of metrical romances that followed them. Autochthones in every land, like the fairy tales which the Germans call *Märchen*, they wandered up and down the world like gypsies, homeless but happy in the lanes and by-ways long after their epical descendants had built for themselves palaces. Wherever they have been found, in France, or Portugal, or Italy, or Greece, in Denmark, or England, or Scotland, the stamp of their common parentage is upon them. . . .

Whether the makers of these vernaculous old productions were the minstrels who sang them to the people, or the people themselves of whom these minstrels were the wandering voices, cannot now be determined. They existed like the song of birds and the music of running waters. The first thing that strikes our notice in them (as Motherwell has pointed out) is the almost uniform dramatic character of their structure. "The action of the piece commences at once. It does not, like the metrical romance, proceed, after craving the attention of lord and lady, and invoking the aid of the Virgin Mary, etc., to give a sketch of the parentage, education, and promising qualities of the doughty knight or gentle squire who is to figure in it. There is no pompous announcement of the exquisite enjoyment to be derived from the carping of such noble *gestes*. If such particulars are at all alluded to, they are noticed merely incidentally, and dashed off perhaps in a single line. The characters and the destinies of those who form the subject of such tales are learned from their actions, not by the descriptions of the poet. They generally open

with some striking and natural picture, pregnant with life and motion. The story runs on in an arrowlike stream, with all the straightforwardness of unfeigned and earnest passion. There is no turning back to mend what has been said amiss, to render more clear that which may have been dimly expressed or slightly hinted; and there is no pause made to gather on the way beautiful images or appropriate illustrations. If these come naturally and unavoidably, as it were, good and well; but there is no loitering and winding about and about, as if unwilling to move on till these should suggest themselves. The charm of the composition lies in the story which it evolves. Strained and artificial feeling has no place in it, and rhetorical embellishments are equally unknown. Descriptions of natural scenery are never attempted, and sentiment is almost unheard of. Much is always left for imagination to fancy, and for the feelings of the auditors to supply, roused as they cannot fail to be by the scenic picture rapidly and distinctly traced before the mind's eye. In his narrative, the poet always appears to be acting in good faith with his audience. He does not sing to another what he discredits himself, nor does he appeal to other testimony in support of his statements. There is no reference to 'as the boke tells,' or 'as in Romans I rede,' for a corroboration of what he affirms. He always speaks as if the subject which he handles were one quite familiar to those whom he addresses, and touching which nothing but a perfectly honest and circumstantial statement of facts could be relished. If fifteen stalwart foresters are slain by one stout knight, single-handed, he never steps out of his way to prove

the truth of such an achievement by appealing to the exploits of some other notable manslayer. If a mermaid should, from a love of solitude and the picturesque, haunt some lone and lovely river, and there, while kembing her yellow locks, peradventure fascinate some unhappy wight, the poet never apologizes for the appearance of the water-woman, by covertly insinuating how marvellous be the inhabitants of the ocean. And though an Elfin knight should unceremoniously adopt for his paramour some young lady whom he meets of a summer's evening, while rambling through the gay greenwood, and whose taste for the loveliness of nature is certainly more remarkable than her prudence, he never betrays any surprise at the circumstance, but treats it as a matter of every-day occurrence and historical notoriety. Should an unhappy ghost wander back to earth, the poet is perfectly master of the dialogue he holds with the maid he left behind him; nor is he at a loss accurately to describe how the fiend can, with a single kick of his cloven foot, sink a goodly bark, although reasonable doubts may well be entertained how such facts could have transpired, seeing none of its crew ever reached the land to sing of such an 'unhappy voyage,' more terrific by a deal than that performed under the melancholy auspices of that 'brisk and tall young man' hight 'William Glen,' who was bound for, but alas, never returned from, 'New Barbarie.' But be the subject of the narrative what it may, whether it be of real life fraught with an interest deeply tragical, or one of wild superstition and romantic incident, it will ever be found clearly, succinctly, and impressively told. There is no unnecessary waste of

words—no redundancy of circumstances, nor artful evolution of plot, and no laying on of color above color, to give a body and brilliancy to the picture. It stands out in simple and severe beauty—a beauty arising, not from the loveliness of any one individual feature, but from the perfect harmony and wholeness subsisting among and sustaining all."

As might be expected from their antiquity, the spirit with which the old ballads is animated is pagan, if not barbaric. There is that in them—even in those that were manifestly composed after the extension of Christianity throughout Europe—which is averse from the religious sentiment. They are without morals, and without conscience. The thought of the balladist never goes beyond his ballad. It is his business to narrate, but not to judge: whether the good are rewarded, or the bad punished, is no concern of his. The ballads of England and Scotland, in which we are chiefly interested here, divide themselves into two classes,—the Personal, which turns upon the adventures of the hero, or heroine, of the balladist, who may or may not have been taken from real life, and the Historical, which turns upon the adventures of other heroes, or heroines, who figure in, or at least are mentioned in, history. Belonging to the former class are Lady Maisry and Clerk Saunders, to the latter Chevy Chace, and probably Sir Patrick Spens. In reading these old ballads, which were never meant to be read at all, we should remember that their makers were poets, and not historians, or biographers: of history and biography, as we understand them, they knew absolutely nothing. King Arthur was as veritable to them as Robin Hood,

of whom, and whose exploits they were never tired of singing.

The advent of Robin Hood in English balladry cannot be traced, owing to the obscurity in which that balladry is involved. It must have occurred, however, before the fourteenth century, when he was already a popular hero. Langland refers to him and the body of song which had grown up around him in the fifth *Passus* of The Vision of Piers Ploughman (*circa* 1360), where an ignorant, idle, and bibulous priest confesses, in the character of Sloth,

"I kan noght parfitly my pater-noster
As the preest it syngeth;
But I kan rymes of Robyn Hood,
And Randolf erl of Chestre;
Ac neither of oure Lord ne of our Lady
The leiste that evere was maked."

Fordun, the Scottish historian, a contemporary of Langland, speaks of Robin Hood, and Little John, and their fellows, "of whom the foolish vulgar in comedies and tragedies make lewd entertainments, and are delighted to hear the jesters and minstrels sing them above all other ballads:" Boethius, another Scottish historian, also a contemporary, speaks of the same merry pair of outlaws, "of quhom ar mony fabillis and mery sportis soung amang the vulgar pepyll;" and Major, another Scottish historian, contemporary with the three, and a little less credulous, declares that "the exploits of this Robert are celebrated in songs throughout all Britain." It was a twice-told tale which Major told, for about thirty years before he published his history (1521), Wynken de Worde had made a collection

of these songs, and published them as A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode. That there was a Robin Hood *cult* throughout all Britain is implied in this *geste*, in the comedies and tragedies of which Fordun complained, and in the sports and games which were celebrated in his honor in Spring, and that it sometimes interfered with the customary religious observances of the time is certain. Upon this last point we have the testimony of Bishop Latimer in his sixth sermon before King Edward VI. (1549): "I came once myselfe to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was a holy day, and methought it was an holidays worke; the churche stode in my way; and I toke my horsse and my companye and went thither; I thought I should have found a great companye in the churche, and when I came there the churche dore was faste locked. I tarried there half an houre and more, and at last the keye was founde; and one of the parishe commes to me, and sayes, Syr, thys ys a busye day with us, we cannot heare you; it is Robyn Hoodes Daye. The parishe are gone abroad to gather for Robyn Hoode, I pray you let them not. I was fayne there to geve place to Robyn Hoode. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, thoughe I were not; but it would not serve, it was fayne to give place to Robyn Hoodes men. It is no laughying matter, my friendes, it is a wepynge matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for getherynge for Robyn Hoode, a traytoure and a thefe, to put out a preacher, to have his office lesse estemed, to prefer Robyn Hod before the mynystration of Gods word; and all

thys hath come of unpreachynge prelates. Thys realme hath been il provided, for that it hath had suche corrupte judgementes in it to prefer Robyn Hode to Goddes Worde." This rustic worship of Robin Hood, against which the good Bishop protested, was not to be put down by sermons. A natural growth of the English character, it had endeared itself to the English mind through the ballads in which it was expressed. It appealed to its native independence and love of justice (liberality to the poor at the expense of the rich is popular justice the world over,) and to its sense of the romantic and the picturesque. What Robin Hood was to the poets as well as the balladists, was shown in the plays of which he and his merry men were the subjects (notably in The Sad Shepherd of Jonson,) and in Drayton's Polyolbion. Let us hear what this old Warwickshireman has to say:

"In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John:
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
All clad in Lincoln Green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill.
Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
To which, under their arms, their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man:
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.

Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With a broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score they used to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win;
At long-outs, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin;
Their arrows finely paired, for timber and for feather,
With birch and brazil pierced, to fly in any weather:
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile;
The loose gave such a twang as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took he shared amongst the poor:
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him, before he went, but for his pass must pay;
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and there
Amongst the forests wild: Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew."

Ritson devoted several years to the Robin Hood ballads and their hero, and the result of his investigations in regard to the latter was as follows: He was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry the Second, about the year 1160. His extraction was noble, and his name Robert Fitzooth, which vulgar pronunciation corrupted into Robin Hood. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed

to have been, Earl of Huntingdon. In his youth he was of a wild and extravagant disposition, so much so that his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, he sought an asylum in the woods and forests of the northern parts of England. Here he was joined by numbers whose circumstances were similar to his own, who obeyed him as their chief, and who were skilful archers. Their table was supplied by the king's deer, and their exchequer by moneys conveyed from bishops, abbots, and the like. At last Robin Hood began to feel the infirmities of age, and desirous of being relieved in a fit of sickness by blood-letting, he went to the prioress of Kirkley nunnery, in Yorkshire, who was a relation, and by whom he was suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on November 18, 1247, in or about the eighty-seventh year of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house, a stone being placed over his grave with an inscription to his memory. Such in brief, according to Ritson, was the career of Robin Hood.

There were historians at the period specified by Ritson,—Matthew Paris, and Benedict, Abbot of Peterborough, were living in the life-time of Robin Hood,—but none of them mention that lawless archer. Except in balladry, he was as unknown to his contemporaries as the archer Tell. The allusions to him in Major and Boethius, who were not born until more than two centuries after his alleged death, have no historical value. Ritson's authority for what he wrote was a sort of manuscript life in the British Museum, written by nobody knows whom, and nobody knows when, but apparently

toward the end of the sixteenth century. If Ritson really credited it, either as history or biography, a very great balladist was lost in him.

> "Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung."

That Robin Hood was an inhabitant of the world of fiction, and not of history, is now generally believed, and it is beginning to be believed that he was the popular survival of some mythological personage. The grounds of this last belief are his intimate connection with the May-games of the English people, and the bestowment of his name upon flowers, wells, moors, hills, and other natural objects in different parts of England. It is not likely (it is argued) that all these names should have been given since his exploits became famous in balladry, and it is still less likely (it is argued) that so much time and money should have been spent in representing his feats unless he filled the place of some degraded deity. "The ballads themselves give us a picture of a brave, merry-hearted rascal, such as appears in the later stories of many a hero. Not till a tale is very old and world-worn does the chief character in a popular romance sink from the position of a universal conqueror to that of the defeated champion in a bout at quarter-staff. We know that the Charlemagne of the later romances is but a feeble or comic representative of the great emperor of the earlier stories, so, in all likelihood, the Robin Hood of our English ballads takes the place of some long-forgotten god."

The charm which attached to the old ballads as long as they continued to be composed and sung in the old way, departed from balladry when it was reduced to

writing, and made marketable in print. It ceased to deal with heroic or romantic themes, or dealt with them ignobly, and expended its feebleness upon trivial and contemporary events. To what depths it had descended in the days of Shakespeare we see in the fourth Act of the Winter's Tale, in the dialogue between Autolychus, Mopsa, Dorcas, and the Clown.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I do love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to it, one mistress Taleporter: and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads: we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathoms above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one who loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there is scarce a maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

English balladry was so abundant in the sixteenth century that four years before the birth of Shakespeare the entries at Stationers' Hall show an average of nearly twenty ballads to one book. "Most of these, however, were doubtless of that inferior London ballad literature written for the press, those broad sheets whereof the Roxburghe collection almost entirely consists, those Garlands and Penny Merriments so numerous in their day, a literature interesting in other ways, but not as poetry, saving some rare exceptions. Why comparatively so few of our finest ballads are found early in print may be accounted for thus, that the printing-press itself gave rise to this new school of ballad-makers, whose really very inferior compositions had a novelty, and, in a low sense, completeness of form and style which brought them into favour, especially in the cities and the more polished and progressive parts of the country. Ballad making, through the dingiest kind of printing-offices, has been continued from that day to this, when it finds its issues in a Seven Dials Court, a Dublin Lane near Thomas Street, or some similar alley of Cork or Glasgow. Meanwhile the nobler or wild-flower sort of popular ballad still sprang up here and there till about the time, we should guess, of Pope and Swift; chiefly, if not exclusively, in the ruder Northern parts of the kingdom, which all along have been the most prolific in this kind, owing perhaps to the wild, moory, and mountainous scenery, the adventurous and martial habits, the old-world customs, and the close connection with ballad-loving Scandinavia."

The literature that has grown out of Old English Ballads in the collections which have been made of them during the last two and a quarter centuries, and the Introductions, Dissertations, and Notes which have illustrated these collections, is too extensive to be dwelt upon in a sketch like this. Of the bibliography of this literature, which will be found in the first volume of Childs's English and Scottish Ballads (1857), it is sufficient to say that it contains the names of one hundred and fifty different works, not including the thirty volumes of the publications of the Percy Society, of which the most important in the history of English Verse, in that they revealed a mine of forgotten poetic wealth to eighteenth century readers, and that they were a source of vital inspiration to young nineteenth century poets, were The Evergreen of Allan Ramsay and the famous Reliques of Bishop Percy. What the last was to Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, is known to all students of English Literature.

All that has been attempted in this volume is to indicate the wealth of English balladry, and the corresponding wealth of English romantic verse, the writers of which, if they had lived in the olden time, would no doubt have won distinction as balladists. If the effect of these compositions is what it should be, it will recall the happy verdict of old Izaak Walton :—"They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."

R. H. STODDARD.

THE CENTURY,
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BY KNOWN AUTHORS.

BALLADS AND ROMANCES

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With rough majestic force they moved the heart,
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Introduction to Jamieson's
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Ballads and Romances.

I.

Traditional Ballads.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

True Thomas lay on Huntly bank,—
  A ferlie he spied wi' his ee:
And there he saw a Lady bright
  Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
  Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
  Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pull'd aff his cap,
  And louted low down to his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
  For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas!" she said:
  "That name does not belang to me,—
I am but the Queen of fair Elf-land
  That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said:
"Harp and carp along wi' me!
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,—
"True Thomas! ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,—
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whenever her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O, they rode on, and farther on
(The steed gaed swifter than the wind),
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas!
And lean your head upon my knee!
Abide and rest a little space!
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O, see ye not yon narrow road
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonnie road
That winds around the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elf-land,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas! ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see:
For if you speak word in Elfin-land
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O, they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, there was nae stern-light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee:
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree;
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas!
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said:
"A goodly gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladie."
"Now hold thy peace!" the Lady said:
"For as I say, so it must be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green:
And till seven years were gane and past
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

KEMPION.

"Come here, come here, ye freely feed'd!
  And lay your head low on my knee:
The heaviest weird I will you read
  That ever was read to gay ladie.

"O, mickle dolour shall ye dree,
  And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim;
And far mair dolour shall ye dree
  On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

"I weird ye to a fiery beast,
  And relievèd ye shall never be
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
  Come to the crag and thrice kiss thee."—

O, mickle dolour did she dree,
  And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;
And far more dolour did she dree
  On Estmere crags, when she them clamb

And aye she cried for Kempion,
  Gin he would but come to her hand.—
Now word has gone to Kempion,
  That such a beast was in his land.

"Now, by my sooth," said Kempion,
  "This fiery beast I'll gang and see!"
"And by my sooth," said Segramour,
  "My ae brother! I'll gang wi' thee."

Then bigg'd hae they a bonnie boat,
  And they hae set her to the sea;
But a mile before they reach'd the shore
  Round them she gar'd the red fire flee.

"O Segramour! keep the boat afloat,
  And let her na the land o'er-near:

For this wicked beast will sure gae mad
  And set fire to a' the land and mair."

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
  And aim'd an arrow at her head,
And swore if she didna quit the land
  Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

"O, out of my stythe I winna rise
  (And it is not for the awe o' thee)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
  Come to the crag and thrice kiss me."

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag
  And gi'en the monster kisses ane;
Awa she gaed, and again she came,
  The fieriest beast that ever was seen.

"O, out o' my stythe I winna rise,
  (And not for a' thy bow nor thee)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
  Come to the crag and thrice kiss me."

He's louted him o'er the Estmere Crags,
  And he has gi'en her kisses twa;
Awa she gaed, and again she came,
  The fieriest beast that ever you saw.

"O, out of my den I winna rise,
  Nor flee it from the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
  Come to the crag and thrice kiss me."

He's louted him o'er the lofty Crag,
  And he has gi'en her kisses three;
Away she gaed, and again she came,
  The loveliest lady e'er could be.

"And, by my sooth," says Kempion,
  "My ain true Love!—for this is she,—

They surely had a heart o' stane,
  Could put thee to such misery.

"O, was it warwolf in the wood,
  Or was it mermaid in the sea,
Or was it man or vile woman,
  My ain true Love! that mis-shaped thee?"

"It wasna warwolf in the wood,
  Nor was it mermaid in the sea,
But it was my wicked step-mother,—
  And wae and weary may she be!"

"O a heavier weird shall light her on,
  Than ever fell on vile woman:
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth grow lang,
  And on her four feet shall she gang.

"None shall take pity her upon,
  And relievèd shall she never be,
In Wormeswood she aye shall won,
  Till St. Mungo come over the sea."
And sighing said that weary wight—
  "I doubt that day I'll never see."

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

In the third day of May
  To Carlisle did come
A kind courteous Child
  That could much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle
  This Child had upon,
With brooches and rings
  Full richèly bedone;

He had a suit of silk
  About his middle drawn:

Without he could of courtesy,
  He thought it much [scorn]

"God speed thee, King Arthur!
  Sitting at thy meat;
And the goodly Queen Guenever,
  I can not her forget.

"I tell you, Lords in this hall,
  I hett you all heed,
Except you be the more surer
  Is for you to dread."

He pluck'd out of his porterver,
  And longer would not dwell,—
He pull'd forth a pretty mantle
  Between two nutshell.

"Have thou here, King Arthur!
  Have thou here of me;
Give it to thy comely Queen!
  Shapen it is ready.

"It shall never become that wife
  That hath once done amiss."
Then every knight in the King's Court
  Began to care for his.

Forth came dame Guenever;
  To the mantle her belaid:
The Lady she was new-fangle,
  But yet she was affray'd.

When she had ta'en the mantle
  She stood as she had been mad:
It was from the top to the toe
  As shears had it shred.

One while was it gule,
  Another while was it green,

Another while was it [woaded]:
  Ill it did her beseem.

Another while it was black
  And bore the worsest hue:
"By my troth," quoth King Arthur,
  "I think thou be not true."

She threw down the mantle,
  That bright was of blee;
Fast with a rudd red
  To her chamber can she flee.

She cursed the weaver and the walker
  That cloth that had wrought;
And bade a vengeance on his crown
  That hither hath it brought.

"I had rather be in a wood,
  Under a greenè tree,
Than in King Arthur's Court
  Shamèd for to be."

Kay call'd forth his lady
  And bade her come near;
Says—"Madam! an thou be guilty
  I pray thee hold thee there."

Forth came his lady,
  Shortly and anon;
Boldly to the mantle
  Then is she gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle
  And cast it her about
Then was she bare—
  [Half her body out].

Then every knight
  That was in the King's Court

Talk'd, laugh'd, and shouted
  Full oft at that sport.

She threw down the mantle,
  That bright was of blee;
Fast with a red rudd
  To her chamber can she flee.

Forth came an old knight,
  Pattering o'er a creed;
And he proffer'd to this little boy
  Twenty marks to his meed,

And all the time of the Christmas
  Willingly to feed,
For why this mantle might
  Do his wife some need.

When she had ta'en the mantle,
  Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her
  But a tassel and a thread:
Then every knight in the King's Court
  Bade evil might she speed.

She threw down the mantle,
  That bright was of blee,
And fast with a red rudd
  To her chamber can she flee.

Craddock call'd forth his lady,
  And bade her come in;
Saith—"Win this mantle, Lady!
  With a little din!

"Win this mantle, Lady!
  And it shall be thine
If thou never did amiss
  Since thou wast mine."

Forth came Craddock's lady,
  Shortly and anon;
But boldly to the mantle
  Then is she gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle,
  And cast it her about,
Up at her great toe
  It began to crinkle and crowt:
She said—"Bow down, mantle!
  And shame me not for nought!

"Once I did amiss,
  I tell you certainly,
When I kiss'd Craddock's mouth
  Under a greenè tree,—
When I kiss'd Craddock's mouth
  Before he married me."

When she had her shriven
  And her sin had told,
The mantle stood about her
  Right as she would,

Seemèly of colour,
  Glittering like gold:
Then every knight in Arthur's Court
  Did her behold.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

On a Monday after Trinity Sunday,
  This battle foughten could be,
Where many a knight cried Well-away!
  Alack, the more pity!

But upon Sunday, in the evening then,
  When the King in his bed did lie,

He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And thus to him did [cry]:

"Now as you are my uncle dear,
Do not fight as to-morrow day,—
But I pray you to be ruled by me,—
Put off the battle if you may!

"For Lancelot is now in France
And many with him full hardy;
And within this month he will be here:
Great aid will be to thee."

He wakened forth of his dreams:
To his nobles that told he,—
How he thought Sir Gawaine to him came
And those words said certainly.

And then they gave the King counsel all,
Upon Monday early,—
He should send one of his heralds of arms
To parle with his son, if it might be.

And twelve knights King Arthur chose,
The best in [all] his company,
That they should go to meet his son,
To agree, if it could be.

And the King chargèd all his host
In readiness for to be,
But no man should no weapons stir
Without sword drawn 'mongst [them] they see.

And Mordred upon the other part
Twelve of his knights chose he,
That they should go to meet his father
Between those two hosts fair and free.

And Mordred chargèd his host
In like manner most certainly,

That no man should no weapons stir
  Without sword drawn 'mongst them they see.

For he durst not his father trust,
  Nor the father the son certainly.
Alack! this was a woeful case
  As ever was in Christentie.

But when they were met together there,
  And agreed of all things as it should be,—
And a month's league then there was
  Before the battle fought should be,—

An adder came forth of a bush,
  Stung one of King Arthur's Knights below his knee:
Alack! this was as woeful chance
  As ever was in Christentie.

The knight he found him wounded there,
  And saw the wild worm there to be;
His sword out of his scabbard he drew:
  Alas! it was the more pity.

And when those two hosts saw sword drawn,
  They joined battle certainly,
Till of a hundred thousand men
  Of one side was left but three.

But all were slain that durst abide,
  But some away that did flee.
King Arthur upon his own party
  Himself alive could be,

And Lukin the Duke of Gloster,
  And Bedever his butler certainly:
The King look'd about him there,
  And saw his knights all slain to be.

"Alas!" then said noble King Arthur,
  "That ever this sight I [should] see,—

To see all my good knights lie slain,
And the traitor yet alive to be.

"Lo where he leans on his sword-hilt
Amongst his dead men certainly!
I will go slay him at this time
Never at better advantage shall I him see."

"Nay! stay here my Liege!" then said the Duke,
"For love and charity!
For we have the battle won
For yet alive we are but three."

The King would not be suaded then,
But his horse then mounted he;
[As] his butler helped him to horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

"Alas!" then said noble King Arthur,
"That this sight I ever see,
To see this good knight to be slain
For love for to help me!"

He put his spear into his rest,
And at his son he rode fiercely,
And through him there his spear he thrust,
A fathom thorough his body.

The son he felt him wounded there,
And knew his death then to be;
He thrust himself upon his spear,
And gave his father a wound certainly.

But there died Sir Mordred
Presently upon that tree.
But or ere the King return'd again,
His butler was dead certainly.

Then bespake him noble King Arthur,—
These were the words said he:

Says—"Take my sword Escalberd
 From my side, fair and free,
And throw it into this river here!
For all the use of weapons I'll deliver up.
 Here, underneath this tree."

The Duke to the river side he went,
 And his [own] sword in threw he;
And then he kept Escalberd,
 I tell you certainly;

And then he came to tell the King.
 The King said—"Lukin! what did thou see?"
"No thing, my Liege!" then said the Duke,
 "I tell you certainly."

"O go again!" said the King,
 "For love and charity,
And throw my sword into that river,
 That never I do it see!"

The Duke to the river side he went,
 And the King's scabbard in threw he;
And still he kept Escalberd,
 For virtue's sake fair and free.

He came again to tell the King.
 The King said—"Lukin! what did thou see?"
"Nothing, my Liege!" then said the Duke,
 "I tell you certainly."

"O go again! Lukin!" said the King,
 "Or the one of us shall dee."
Then the Duke to the river side went
 And the King's sword then threw he;

A hand and arm did meet that sword,
 And flourish'd three times certainly.

He came again to tell the King,—
  But the King was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
  For never after he did him see;
But he saw a barge from the land go,
  And heard Ladies howl and cry certainly.

KING ESTMERE.

Hearken to me, Gentlemen!
  Come, and you shall hear:
I'll tell you of two of the boldest brethren
  That ever born y-were.

The one of them was Adler young,
  The other was King Estmere:
They were as bold men in their deeds
  As any were, far and near.

As they were drinking ale and wine,
  Within King Estmere's hall,
"When will ye marry a wife? brother!
  A wife to glad us all."

Then bespake him King Estmere,
  And answer'd him hastily:
"I know not that lady in any land
  That is able to marry with me."

"King Adland hath a daughter, brother!
  Men call her bright and sheen:
If I were King here in your stead,
  That lady should be Queen."

Says—"Rede me, rede me, dear brother!
  Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
  Between us two to send."

Says—"You shall ride yourself, brother!
  I'll bear you company:
Many through false messengers are deceived,
  And I fear lest so should we."

Thus they [furnish'd] them to ride
  Of two good [furnish'd] steeds;
And when they came to King Adland's hall,
  Of red gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adland's hall,
  Before the goodly gate,
There they found good King Adland
  Rearing himself thereat.

"Now Christ thee save, good King Adland!
  Now Christ thee save and see!"
Said—"You be welcome, King Estmere!
  Right heartily unto me."

"You have a daughter," said Adler young,—
  "Men call her bright and sheen;
My brother would marry her to his wife,
  Of England to be Queen."

"Yesterday was at my dear daughter
  Sir Bremor, the King of Spain;
And then she nicked him with Nay:
  I fear she'll do you the same."

"The King of Spain is a foul paynim,
  And believeth on Mahound;
And pity it were that fair lady
  Should marry a heathen hound.

"But grant to me"—says King Estmere—
  "For my love, I you pray,
That I may see your daughter dear
  Before I go hence away."

"Although it is seven years and more
  Since my daughter was in hall,
She shall come down once for your sake,
  To glad my guestès all."

Down then came that maiden fair,
  With ladies laced in pall,
And half a hundred of bold knights
  To bring her from bower to hall,
And eke as many gentle squires
  To wait upon them all.

The talents of gold, on her head set,
  Hung low down to her knee;
And every ring on her small finger
  Shone of the crystal free.

Says—"Christ you save, my dear Madam!"
  Says—"Christ you save and see!"
Says—"You be welcome, King Estmere!
  Right welcome unto me.

"And if you love me, as you say,
  So well and heartily,
All that ever you are come about
  Soon speed now it may be!"

Then bespake her father dear—
  "My daughter! I say Nay:
Remember well the King of Spain,
  What he said yesterday!

'He would pull down my halls and castles,
  And reave me of my life:
And ever I fear that paynim King
  If I reave him of his wife."

'Your castles and your towers, father!
  Are strongly built about:

And therefore of that foul paynim
  We need not stand in doubt.

"Plight me your troth now, King Estmere!
  By heaven and your right hand,
That you will marry me to your wife
  And make me Queen of your land."

Then King Estmere he plight his troth,
  By heaven and his right hand,
That he would marry her to his wife
  And make her Queen of his land.

And he took leave of that lady fair,
  To go to his own country,
To fetch him dukes and lords and knights,
  That married they might be.

They had not ridden scant a mile,
  A mile forth of the town,
But in did come the King of Spain
  With kempès many a one.

But in did come the King of Spain
  With many a grim baròn,
Th' one day to marry King Adland's daughter,
  T'other day to carry her home.

Then she sent after King Estmere
  In all the speed might be:
That he must either return and fight
  Or go home and lose his lady.

One while then the page he went,
  Another while he ran;
Till he had o'ertaken King Estmere
  I wis he never blan.

"Tidings! tidings! King Estmere!"
  "What tidings now? my boy!"

"O tidings I can tell to you
That will you sore annoy.

"You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the town,
But in did come the King of Spain
With kempès many a one.

"But in did come the King of Spain,
With many a grim baròn,
Th' one day to marry King Adland's daughter,
T'other day to carry her home.

"That lady fair she greets you well
And evermore well by me:
You must either turn again and fight,
Or go home and lose your lady!"

Says—"Rede me, rede me, dear brother!
My rede shall rise at thee:
Which way we best may turn and fight
To save this fair lady!"

"Now hearken to me!" says Adler young,—
"And your rede must rise at me:
I quickly will devise a way
To set thy lady free.

"My mother was a Western woman,
And learned in gramarye;
And when I learned at the school
Something she taught it me.

"There groweth an herb within this field,
And, if it were but known,
His colour which is white and red
It will make black and brown.

"His colour which is brown and black
It will make red and white;

That sword is not in all England
Upon his coat will bite.

"And you shall be a harper, brother!
Out of the North country
And I'll be your boy so fain of fight,
To bear your harp by your knee.

"And you shall be the best harper
That ever took harp in hand;
And I will be the best singer
That ever sung in this land.

"It shall be written in our foreheads
All and in gramarye,
That we two are the boldest men
That are in all Christentye."

And thus they [furnish'd] them to ride
On two good [furnish'd] steeds;
And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Of red gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adland's hall
Until the fair hall gate,
There they found a proud porter
Rearing himself thereat.

Says—"Christ thee save, thou proud porter!"
Says—"Christ thee save and see!"
"Now you be welcome," said the porter,—
"Of what land soever ye be."

"We been harpers," said Adler young,—
"Come out of the North country;
We been come hither until this place,
This proud wedding for to see."

Says—"An your colour were white and red
As it is black and brown,

I'd say King Estmere and his brother
  Were come until this town."

Then they pull'd out a ring of gold,
  Laid it on the porter's arm :
"And ever we will thee, proud porter!
  Thou wilt say us no harm."

Sore he looked on King Estmere,
  And sore he handled the ring ;
Then open'd to them the fair hall gates :
  He let for no kind of thing.

King Estmere he light off his steed
  Up at the fair hall board ;
The froth that came from his bridle bit
  Light on King Bremor's beard.

Says—"Stable thy steed, thou proud harper!
  Go stable him in the stall :
It doth not beseem a proud harper
  To stable in a King's hall."

"My lad he is so lither," he said,—
  "He will do nought that's meet ;
And aye that I could but find the man
  Were able him to beat."

"Thou speakest proud words," said the paynim King,—
  "Thou harper! here to me :
There is a man within this hall
  Will beat thy lad and thee."

"O let that man come down!" he said,—
  "A sight of him would I see ;
And when he hath beaten well my lad,
  Then he shall beat of me."

Down then came the kemperye man
  And looked him in the [eye] ;

For all the gold that was under heaven
He durst not near him nigh.

"And how now? kempe!" said the King of Spain,—
"And how what aileth thee?"
He says—"It is written in his forehead,
All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under heaven
I dare not near him nigh."

King Estmere then pull'd forth his harp,
And play'd thereon so sweet,
Upstarts the lady from the King
As he sate at the meat.

"Now stay thy harp, thou proud harper!
Now stay thy harp, I say:
For an thou playest as thou beginn'st
Thou'lt till my bride away."

He struck upon his harp again,
And play'd both fair and free;
The lady was so pleased thereat,
She laugh'd loud laughters three.

"Now sell me thy harp!" said the King of Spain,—
"Thy harp and the strings each one:
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As there be strings thereon."

"And what would ye do with my harp?" he said,—
"If I did sell it ye."
"To play my wife and me a fit
When a-bed together we be."

"Now sell me, sir King! thy bride so gay,
As she sits laced in pall;
And as many gold nobles I will give
As there be rings in the hall."

"And what would ye do with my bride so gay,
If I did sell her ye?
More seemly it is for her fair body
To lie by me than thee."

He play'd again both loud and shrill;
And Adler he did sing—
"O lady! this is thy own true Love,
No harper, but a King.

"O lady! this is thy own true Love,
As plainly thou mayst see;
And I'll rid thee of that foul paynim
Who parts thy Love and thee."

The lady look'd, the lady blush'd,
And blush'd and look'd again,
While Adler he hath drawn his brand,
And hath Sir Bremor slain.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to cry:
"Ah, traitors! ye have slain our King
And therefore ye shall die."

King Estmere threw the harp aside,
And swith he drew his brand;
And Estmere he and Adler young
Right stiff in stour can stand.

And aye, their swords so sore can bite,
Through help of gramarye,
That soon they have slain the kemperye men
Or forced them forth to flee.

King Estmere took that fair lady
And married her to his wife,
And brought her home to merry England
With her to lead his life.

C

SIR CAWLINE.

Jesus! lord, mickle of might,
  That died for us on the rood,
To maintain us in all our right,
  That loves true English blood!

Forby a knight I say my song
  Was bold and full hardy,—
Sir Robert Bruce would forth to fight
  Into Ireland over the sea.

And in that land dwells a King
  Over all does bear the [shine];
And with him there dwell'd a courteous knight,
  Men call him Sir Cawline.

And he hath a lady to his daughter,
  Of fashion she hath no peer:
Knights and lords they woo'd her both,
  Trusted to have been her [fere].

Sir Cawline loved her best of any,
  But nothing durst he say
To discreeve his counsel to no man;
  But dearly loved this [may].

Till it befell upon a day
  Great dole to him was dight:
The maiden's love removed his mind;
  To care-bed went the knight.

One while he spread his arms him from,
  And cried so piteously—
"For the maiden's love that I have most mind
  This day may comfort me,
Or else ere noon I shall be dead!"
  Thus can Sir Cawline say.

When our parish mass that it was done,
And our King was boune to dine,
He says—"Where is Sir Cawline
That was wont to serve me wine?"

But then answer'd a courteous knight,
Fast of his hands wringing,—
"Sir Cawline's sick, and like to be dead
Withouten good leeching."

"Fetch ye down my daughter dear!
She is a leech full fine;
Ay! and take you dough and the baken bread,
For full loath I would him tine."

This lady is gone to his chamber,
Her maidens following nye;
"O well," she saith, "how doth my lord?"
"O, sick!" again saith he.

"But rise up wightly, man! for shame,
Never lie so cowardly!
It is told in my father's hall
For my love you will die."

"It is for your love, fair Lady!
That all this dole I drie:
But if you would comfort me with a kiss,
Then I were brought from bale to bliss,—
No longer here would I lie."

"Alas! so well you know, Sir Knight!
I can not be your [fere]."
"For some deeds of arms fain would I do
To be your batcheler."

"Upon Eldridge Hill there grows a thorn
Upon the moors broding;

And would you, Sir Knight! wake there all night
  To day of the other morning?

"For the Eldridge King, that is mickle of might,
  Will examine you beforne;
And there never was man bare his life away
  Since the day that I was born."

"But I will for your sake, Lady!
  Wake on the bents so brown,
And I'll either bring you a ready token
  Or I'll never come to you [down]."

This lady is gone to her chamber,
  Her maidens following bright;
And Sir Cawline gone to the moors so broad
  For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight the moon did rise
  He walked up and down;
And a lightsome bugle then heard he blow
  Over the bents so brown:
Says he—"An cryance come till my heart,
  I am far from any good town."

And he spied e'en a little him by
  A furious King and a fell,
And a lady bright his bridle led
  That seemly it was to [tell].

And fast he call'd upon Sir Cawline:
  "O man! I rede thee fly;
For if cryance come unto thy heart,
  I'm afear'd lest thou must die."

He says—"[No] cryance comes to my heart;
  Nor i' faith! I fear not thee;
For because thou ming'd not Christ before,
  The less me dreadeth thee."

But Sir Cawline he shook a spear,
The King was bold and abode,
And the timber those two Children bore
So soon in sunder slode;
For they took and two good swords,
And they laiden on good load.

The Eldridge King was mickle of might,
Stiffly to the ground did stand;
But Sir Cawline with an awkward stroke
He brought him off his hand,—
Ay, and flying over his head so high,
Fell down of that lay land.

And his lady stood a little thereby,
Fast wringing her hands; [and "O]
For the maiden's love that you have most meed,
Smite you my lord no moe!

"And he'll never come upon Eldridge [Hill]
Him to sport, game, or play,
And to meet no man of middle earth
And that lives on Christ his lay."

But he then up, and that Eldridge King
Set in his saddle again;
And that Eldridge King and his lady
To their castle are they gane.

And he took then up that Eldridge sword
As hard as any flint,
And so he did [the hand and] those ringès five,
Harder than fire, and brent.

First he presented to the king's daughter
The hand and then the sword.——

[*Here without any break in the manuscript follow some disconnected lines, and anon the ballad-singer is recording a new adventure.*]

And a Giant that was both stiff [and stark]
  He leap'd now them among :
And upon his swire five heads he bare,—
  Unmakely made [and strong]."

And he drank then of the King's wine,
  And he put the cup in his sleeve ;
And all they trembled and were wan
  For fear he should them grieve.

"I'll tell thee mine errand, King!" he says,—
  "Mine errand what I do here :
For I will burn thy temples high,
  Or I'll have thy daughter dear,
Or else on yonder moor so broad
  Thou shalt find me a peer."

The King he turn'd him round about
  (Lord! in heart he was woe),
Says—"Is there no knight of the Round Table
  This matter will undergo?

"Ay! and he shall have my broad lands
  And keep them well his life ;
Ay! and so he shall my daughter dear,
  To be his wedded wife."

And then stood up Sir Cawline,
  His own errand for to say :
"I would to God, Sir!" said Sir Cawline,—
  "That Soldan I will essay.

"Go fetch me down my Eldridge sword!
  For I won it at fray."
"But away! away" said the hend Soldan,—
  "Thou tarriest me here all day."

The hend Soldan and Sir Cawline,
  They fought a summer's day ;

Now has he slain that hend Soldan,
  And brought his five heads away.

And the king has betaken him his broad lands
  And all his venison

[*Again something missing.*]

"But take you to your lands [so] broad,
  And brook them well your life!
For you promised me your daughter dear
  To be my wedded wife."

"Now by my faith," then says our King,—
  "For that we will not strive;
For thou shalt have my daughter dear
  To be thy wedded wife."——

The other morning Sir Cawline rose
  By the dawning of the day,
And unto a garden he did go,
  His matins for to say;
And that bespied a false steward,—
  A shame's death that he might die!

And he let a lion out of a band,
  Sir Cawline for to tear;
And he had no weapon him upon,
  Nor no weapon did wear.

But he took then his mantle of green,
  In the lion's mouth it thrust;
He held the lion so sore to the wall
  Till the lion's heart it brast.

And the watchmen cried upon the walls
  And said—"Sir Cawline's slain!"
Then the King's daughter she fell down:
  "For peerless is my pain."

"O peace, my Lady!" says Sir Cawline,—
  "I have bought thy love full dear.

O peace, my Lady!" says Sir Cawline,—
"Peace, Lady! for I am here."

Then he did marry this King's daughter,
With gold and silver bright;
And fifteen sons this lady bare
To Sir Cawline the knight.

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER.

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a simmer's day,
The noble Earl of Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

And as she play'd and sported
Below a green aik tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo
Set on a branch sae hie.

"O Coo-my-doo! my Love sae true!
If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'se hae a cage o' gude red gowd
Instead o' simple tree.

"I'll tak' ye hame and pet ye well
Within my bower and ha';
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them a'."

And she hadna these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
Till Coo-my-doo flew frae the branch
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Hame to her bower and ha';
And made him shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them a'.

When day was gane and night was come,
About the evening tide,
This lady spied a bonny youth
Stand straight up by her side.

"O whence came ye? young man!" she said,—
"To put me into fear.
My door was bolted right secure:
What way hae ye come here?"

"O haud your tongue, ye lady fair!
Let a' your folly be!
Mind ye not on your turtle-doo
Ye coax'd from aff the tree?"

"O, wha are ye? young man!" she said,—
What country come ye frae?"
"I flew across the sea," he said,—
"'Twas but this verra day.

"My mither is a Queen," he says,—
"Likewise of magic skill:
'Twas she that turn'd me in a doo,
To fly where'er I will.

"And it was but this verra day
That I came owre the sea:
I loved you at a single look,
With you I'll live and dee."

"O Coo-my-doo! my Love sae true!
Nae mair frae me ye'se gae."
"That's never my intent, my Love!
As ye said, it shall be sae."

There he has lived in bower wi' her
For sax lang years and ane,
Till sax young sons to him she bare,
And the seventh she's brought hame.

But aye as soon's a child was born
  He carried them away,
And brought them to his mither's care,
  As fast as he could fly.

Thus has he stay'd in bower wi' her
  For seven years and mair,
Till there came a lord o' high renown
  To court that lady fair.

But still his proffers she refused,
  And a' his presents too ;
Says—" I'm content to live alane
  Wi' my bird Coo-my-doo."

Her father sware an angry oath,
  He sware it wi' full will—
" To-morrow ere I eat or drink
  That bird I'll surely kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage,
  And heard what he did say ;
He jump'd upon the window sill,—
  " 'Tis time I was away."

Then Coo-my-doo took flight and flew
  Beyond the raging sea ;
And lighted at his mither's castle
  Upon a tower sae hie.

The Queen his mither was walking out,
  To see what she could see,
And there she saw her darling son
  Set on the tower sae hie.

" Get dancers here to dance," she said,—
  " And minstrels for to play !
For here's my dear son Florentine
  Come back wi' me to stay."

"Get nae dancers to dance, mither!
  Nor minstrels for to play;
For the mither o' my seven sons,
  The morn's her wedding-day."

"Now tell me, dear son Florentine!
  O tell, and tell me true,
Tell me this day without delay
  What shall I do for you."

"Instead of dancers to dance, mither!
  Or minstrels for to play,
Turn four and twenty wall-wight men
  Like storks, in feathers grey;

"My seven sons in seven swans
  Aboon their heads to flee;
And I mysel' a gay goshawk,
  A bird o' high degree!"

Then sighing said the Queen to hersel'—
  "That thing's too high for me;"
But she applied to an auld woman
  Wha had mair skill than she.

Instead o' dancers to dance a dance,
  Or minstrels for to play,
Four and twenty wall-wight men
  Turn'd birds o' feathers grey;

His seven sons in seven swans
  Aboon their heads to flee;
And he himsel' a gay goshawk,
  A bird o' high degree.

This flock o' birds took flight and flew
  Beyond the raging sea;
And, landed near the Earl Mar's castle,
  Took shelter in every tree.

They were a flock o' pretty birds
  Right comely to be seen ;
The wedding guests they look'd at them
  While walking on the green.

These birds flew up frae bush and tree
  And lighted on the ha' ;
And when the wedding train came forth
  Flew down amang them a'.

The storks they seized the boldest men,
  That they couldna fight nor flee ;
The swans they bound the bridegroom fast
  Unto a green aik tree.

They flew around the bride-maidens,
  Around the bride's own head ;
And in the twinklin' o' an ee
  The bride and they were fled.

SIR ALDINGAR.

Our King he kept a false steward :
  Men call'd him Sir Aldingar.

He would have lain with our comely Queen,
  Her dear worship to betray :
Our Queen she was a good woman,
  And evermore said him Nay.

Sir Aldingar was wroth in mind,
  With her he was never content ;
But he sought what means he could find out
  In a fire to have her brent.

There came a lame lazar to the King's gate,
  A lazar was blind and lame ;
He took the lazar upon his back,
  On the Queen's bed has him lain.

He said—"Lie still whereas thou liest!
  Look thou go not away,
I'll make thee a whole man and a sound
  In two hours of a day."

And then went forth Sir Aldingar
  Our Queen for to betray;
And then he met with our comely King,—
  Says—"God you save, I pray:

"If I have space as I have grace,
  A message I'd say to thee."
"Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar!
  Say thou on, and unto me!"

"I can let you now see the grievousest sight
  Ever christen'd King did see:
Our Queen hath chosen a new new love,—
  She will have none of thee.

"If she had chosen a right good knight,
  The less had been her shame;
But she hath chosen a lazar man
  Which is both blind and lame."

"If this be true, thou Aldingar!
  That thou dost tell to me,
Then I will make thee a rich knight
  Both of gold and fee.

"But if it be false, Sir Aldingar!
  That thou dost tell to me——
Go with me!" said our comely King,
  "This lazar for to see."

When the King came into the Queen's chamber,
  Standing her bed before,
"There's a loathly lome," says King Harry,—
  "For our Queen Elinor!

"If thou wert a man, as thou art none,
  Here [now] thou shouldest [die];
But a pair of new gallows shall be built,—
  Thou'lt hang on them so high.

"And fair fire there shall be bett
  And brent our Queen shall been!"
Forth then walk'd our comely King,
  And met with our comely Queen.

Says—"God you save, our Queen, Madam!
  And Christ you save and see!
Here you [have] chosen a new new love,
  And you will have none of me.

"If you had chosen a right good knight,
  The less had been your shame;
But you have chosen a lazar man
  That is both blind and lame."

"Ever alack!" said our comely Queen,—
  "Sir Aldingar's false to me:
But ever alack!" said our comely Queen,—
  "Alas, and woe is me!

"I had thought swevens had never been true,—
  I have proved them true to-day:
I dream'd in my sweven on Thursday at even,
  In my bed whereas I lay,—

"I dream'd the grype, and a grimly beast,
  Had carried my crown away,
My gorget, and my kirtle of gold,
  And all my fair head [array];

"How he would have worried me with his tush
  And borne me into his nest,
Saving there came a little hawk
  Flying out of the East,—

"Saving there came a little hawk
  Which men call a Merlion,
Unto the ground he struck him then
  That dead he did fall down.

"If I were a man, as I am none,
  A battle I would prove,—
I would fight with that false traitor:
  At him I cast my glove!

"Seeing I am able no battle to make,
  You must grant me, my liege! a knight
To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
  To maintain me in my right."

"I'll give thee forty days," said our King,—
  "To seek thee a man therein:
If thou find not a man in forty days,
  In a hot fire thou shalt brinn."

Our Queen sent forth a messenger;
  He rode fast into the South,
He rode the countries through and through
  So far unto Portsmouth.

He could find never man in the South country
  That would fight with the knight so keen.

The second messenger the Queen forth sent
  Rode far into the East;
But—blessed be God made sun and moon!
  He sped then all of the best.

As he rode then by one river side,
  There he met with a little child:
He seemed no more, in a man's likeness,
  Than a child of four years old.

He ask'd the Queen's messenger how far he rode;
  Loath he was him to tell

(The Little One was offended at him);
  Bade him adieu, farewell!

Said—" Turn thou again, thou messenger!
  Greet our Queen well from me:
When bale is at highest, boot is at next,—
  Help enough there may be.

" Bid our Queen remember what she did dream,
  In her bed whereas she lay:
She dream'd the grype, and the grimly beast,
  Had carried her crown away,

" Her gorget, and her kirtle of gold,
  Also her fair head [array];
He would have worried her with his tush
  And borne her to his nest [away],—

" Saving there came a little hawk,
  Men call him a Merlion;
Unto the ground he did strike him,
  That dead he did fall down.

" Bid the Queen be merry at her heart,
  Ever more light and glad:
When bale is at highest, boot is at next,—
  Help enough there shall be [had]."

Then the Queen's messenger rode back;
  A gladded man was he:
When he came before our [comely] Queen
  A glad woman then was she.

She gave the messenger twenty pounds,
  O Lord! in gold and fee:
Says—" Spend and spare not while this doth last·
  Then fetch thou more of me!"

Our Queen was put in a tun, to burn;
  She thought but death [at least]:

They were ware of the Little One
  Came riding forth of the East.

With a Mu[le upon which he rode]
  A lovely child was he:
When he came to that fire
  He light the Queen full nigh;

Said—"Draw away these brands of fire
  Lie burning before our Queen,
And fetch me hither Sir Aldingar,
  That is a knight so keen!"

When Aldingar saw that Little One,
  Full little of him he thought:
If there had been a hundred such,
  Of them he would not have wrought.

He said—"Come hither, Sir Aldingar!
  Thou seemest as big as a fooder:
I trust to God ere I've done with thee
  God will send to us good augre."

Says—"The first stroke that's given, Sir Aldingar!
  I will give unto thee;
And if the second give thou may,
  Look then thou spare not me!"

The Little One pull'd forth a well good sword:
  I wis it was all of gilt,—
It cast light there over that field,
  It shone so all of gilt.

He struck the first stroke at Aldingar,
  He struck away his legs by his knee.

Says—"Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor!
  And fight upon thy feet:
For an thou thrive as thou begins,
  Of a height we shall be meet."

" A priest! a priest!" says Aldingar,—
"Me for to howzel and shrive:
A priest! a priest!" says Aldingar,—
"While I'm a man living alive.

" I would have lain by our comely Queen;
To it she would never consent;
I thought to betray her to our King,
In a fire to have her brent.

" There came a lame lazar to the King's gate,
A lazar both blind and lame;

" I took the lazar upon my back,
In the Queen's bed I did him lay;
I bade him lie still, lazar! where he lay,
Look he went not away,—
I would make him a whole man and a souud
In two hours of a day.

" Ever alack!" says Sir Aldingar,—
"Falsing doth never well.

" Forgive, forgive me, Queen Madam!
For Christ's love forgive me!"
" God forgave his death, Aldingar!
And freely I forgive thee."

" Now take thy wife, thou King Harry!
And love her as thou [shall]!
Thy wife she is as true to thee
As stone [in] the castle wall."

The lazar under the gallows tree
Was a pretty man and small:
The lazar under the gallows tree
Was made steward in King Henry's hrll.

CHILD MAURICE.

Child Maurice hunted the silver wood,
He hunted it round about,
And nobody he found therein,
Nor none there was without.

And he took his silver comb in his hand
To comb his yellow locks;

He says—" Come hither, thou little foot page
Runneth lowly by my knee!
For thou shalt go to John Steward's wife,
And pray her speak with me.

" And as it falls out, many times
As knots been knit on a kell,
And merchant men gone to leave London,
Either to buy ware or sell,

" And greet thou do that Lady well,
Ever so well from me.

" And as it falls out, many times
As any heart can think,
As schoolmasters are in any school house,
Writing with pen and ink,

" For if I might as well as she may,
This night I would with her speak.

" And here I send her a mantle of green,
As green as any grass;
And bid her come to the silver wood
To hunt with Child Maurice!

" And there I send her a ring of gold,
A ring of precious stane;

And bid her come to the silver wood,
Let for no kind of man!"

One while this little boy he yode,
Another while he ran:
Until he came to John Steward's hall
I wis he never blan.

And of nurture the child had good;
Ran up hall and bower free;
And when he came to this Lady fair,
Says—"God you save and see!

"I am come from Child Maurice,
A message unto thee;
And Child Maurice he greets you well
And ever so well from me,

"And as it falls out, oftentimes
As knots been knit on a kell
Or merchant men gone to leave London,
Either to buy or sell,

"And as oftentimes he greets you well
As any heart can think,
Or schoolmasters in any school
Writing with pen and ink;

"And here he sends a mantle of green,
As green as any grass,
And he bids you come to the silver wood
To hunt with Child Maurice;

"And here he sends you a ring of gold,
A ring of the precious stane:
He prays you to come to the silver wood,
Let for no kind of man."

"Now peace, now peace, thou little foot page!
For Christ's sake I pray thee:

For if my lord hear one of these words,
  Thou must be hanged hie."

John Steward stood under the castle wall
  And he wrote the words every one.

And he call'd unto his horsekeeper,
  "Make ready you my steed!"
And so he did to his chamberlain,
  "Make ready thou my weed!"

And he cast a lease upon his back,
  And he rode to the silver wood,
And there he sought all about,
  About the silver wood;

And there he found him Child Maurice
  Sitting upon a block,
[And] with a silver comb in his hand
  Combing his yellow lock.

He says—"How now, how now, Child Maurice!
  Alack! how may this be?"
But then upstood him Child Maurice,
  And said these words truly—

"I do not know your Lady," he said,—
  "If [that] I do her see."
"For in thou hast sent her love-tokens
  More now than two or three.

"For thou hast sent her a mantle of green,
  As green as any grass,
And bade her come to the silver wood
  To hunt with Child Maurice;

"And thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,
  A ring of precious stane,
And bade her come to the silver wood,
  Let for no kind of man.

"And by my faith now, Child Maurice!
The one of us shall die."
"Now by my troth," said Child Maurice,—
"And *[that]* shall not be I."

But he pull'd forth a bright brown sword,
And dried it on the grass,
And so fast he smote at John Steward,
I wis [no rest he has].

Then he pull'd forth his bright brown sword,
And dried it on his sleeve;
And the first good stroke John Steward struck
Child Maurice head did cleave.

And he pricked it on his sword's point,
Went singing there beside;
And he rode till he came to that Lady fair,
Whereas his Lady lied.

And says—"Dost thou know Child Maurice' head,
If that thou dost it see?
And lap it soft! and kiss it oft!
Thou lovedst him better than me."

But when she look'd on Child Maurice' head,
She never spake words but three:
"I never bare no child but one,
You have slain him, truly!"

Says—"Wicked be my merry men all,
I gave meat, drink, and cloth!
But could they not have holden me
When I was in all [that] wrath?

"For I have slain one of the courteousest knights
That ever bestrode a steed;
So have I done one [of] the fairest ladies
That ever wore woman's weed."

GLASGERION.

Glasgerion was a King's own son,
And a harper he was good;
He harped in the King's chamber,
Where cup and candle stood.

And so did he in the Queen's chamber,
Till ladies waxed wood.
Then up bespake the King's daughter,
And these words thus said [good].

Said—"Strike on, strike on, Glasgerion!
Of thy striking do not blin!
There's never a stroke comes o'er thy harp
But it glads my heart within."

"Fair might [him] fall, Lady!" quoth he,—
"Who taught you now to speak:
I have loved you, Lady! seven years,
My heart I durst near break."

"But come to my bower, my Glasgerion!
When all men are at rest.
As I am a lady true of my promise,
Thou shalt be a welcome guest."

Home then came Glasgerion,
A glad man, lord! was he;
"And come thou hither, Jack, my boy!
Come hither unto me!

"For the king's daughter of Normandy,
Her love is [mine anon];
And at her chamber must I be
Before the cock have craw'n."

"But come you hither, master!" quoth he
"Lay your head down on this stone,
For I will waken you, master dear!
Afore it be time to be gone."

But up then rose that lither lad,
And did on hose and shoon;
A collar he cast upon his neck:
He seem'd a gentleman.

And when he came to the lady's chamber,
He tirled upon [the] pin;
The lady was true of her promise,
Rose up and let him in.

He did not kiss that lady's mouth
When he came nor when he yode;
And sore mistrusted that lady
He was of some churl's blood.

But home then came that lither lad
And did off hose and shoon,
And cast that collar from about his neck:
He was but a churl's son.

"Awaken!" quoth he, "my master dear!
I hold it time to be gone."

Up then rose good Glasgerion,
And did on both hose and shoon,
And cast a collar about his neck:
He was a Kingis son.

And when he came to that lady's chamber,
He tirled upon [the] pin;
The lady was more than true of promise,
Rose up and let him in.

Says—" Whether have you left with me
  Your bracelet or your glove?
Or are you returned back again
  To know more of my love?"

Glasgerion swore a full great oath,
  "By oak and ash and thorn,
Lady! I was never in your chamber
  Sith the time that I was born."

"O then it was your lither foot page
  Falsely hath beguiled me;"
And then she pull'd forth a little penknife
  That hanged by her knee,—
Says—" There shall never no churl's blood
  Spring within my body."

Home then went Glasgerion,
  A woe man, good! was he;
Says—" Come thou hither, Jack, my boy!
  Come thou hither to me!

"For if I had killed a man to-night,
  Jack! I would tell it thee;
But if I have not kill'd a man to-night,
  Jack! thou hast killed three."

And he pull'd out his bright brown sword
  And dried it on his sleeve;
And he smote off that lither lad's head,
  And ask'd no man no leave.

He set the sword's point till his breast,
  The pummel till a stone:
Through the falseness of that lither lad
  These three lives were all gone.

TAMLANE.

"O I forbid ye, maidens a'
  That wear gowd on your hair!
To come or gae by Carternaugh,
  For young Tamlane is there.

"There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
  But maun leave him a wad:
Either gowd rings or green mantles,
  Or else their maidenhood."

But up then spake her, fair Janet,
  The fairest of a' her kin,—
"I'll come and gae by Carterhaugh
  And ask nae leave o' him."

She has kilted her green kirtle
  A little abune her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair
  A little abune her bree.

She has prink'd hersel' and preen'd hersel'
  By the ae light o' the moon;
And she's awa to Carterhaugh
  To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
  She gaed beside the well,
And there she found his steed standing,
  But he wasna there himsel'.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
  A rose but barely three,
When up and started young Tamlane;
  Says—"Lady! let a-be!"

Says—"Why pu' ye the rose? Janet!
  What gars ye break the tree?

Or why come ye to Carterhaugh
  Withouten leave o' me?"

Says—"Carterhaugh it is mine ain,—
  My father gave it me;
I'll come and gae by Carterhaugh,
  And ask no leave o' thee."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand
  Amang the leaves so green,
And sair and mickle was the love
  That fell the twa between.

"The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane!
  (A word ye maunna lee)
Gin ever ye was in holy chapel
  Or sain'd in Christentie."

"The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet!
  A word I winna lee:
I was ta'en to the good church door,
  And sain'd as well as thee.

"Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,
  Dunbar, Earl March, was thine;
We loved when we were children small,
  Which yet you well may mind.

"When I was a boy just turn'd o' nine,
  My uncle sent for me,
To hunt and hawk and ride wi' him,
  And keep him company.

"There came a wind out of the North,
  A sharp wind and a snell;
And a dead sleep came over me,
  And frae my horse I fell;

The Queen o' Fairies keppit me,
In yon green hill to dwell.

"And I would never tire, Janet!
In Fairy-land to dwell,
But aye at ilka seven years
They pay the tithe to Hell;
And I am sae fat and fair o' flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysel'.

"This night is Hallow-E'en, Janet!
The morn is Hallow-Day:
And gin ye dare your true Love win,
Ye hae nae time to stay.

"The night it is good Hallow-E'en,
When fairy folk will ride;
And she that would her true Love win
At Miles Cross she maun bide.

"And ye maun gae to the Miles Cross
Between twelve hours and one;
Take holy water in your hand,
And cast a compass roun'!"

"And how shall I thee knaw? Tamlane!
And how shall I thee knaw,
Amang sae many unearthly knights
The like I never saw?"

"The first company that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae!
The next company that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae!
The third company that passes by,
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

"For I will ride on a milk-white steed,
Wi' a gold star in my crown:

Because I was a christen'd knight,
  They gi'e me that renown.

"First let pass the black, Janet!
  And syne let pass the brown!
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
  And pu' the rider down!

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet!
  An adder and a snake;
But haud me fast! let me not pass,
  Gin ye would be my make!

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet!
  An adder and an aske;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet!
  A bale that burns fast.

"And last they'll shape me in your arms
  A mother-naked man;
Cast your green mantle over me!
  I'll be mysel' again."

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
  And eerie was the way,
As fair Janet in her green mantle,
  To Miles Cross she did gae.

There's holy water in her hand
  She cast a compass round;
And straight she sees a fairy band
  Come riding o'er the mound.

And first gaed by the black black steed,
  And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed
  And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
  And loot the bridle fa';

And up there rose an eldritch cry—
  "He's won amang us a'!"

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms
  An aske, but and a snake;
She held him fast in every shape
  To be her ain true make.

They shaped him in her arms at last
  A mother-naked man;
She cast her mantle over him,
  And sae her true Love wan.

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
  Out of a bush o' broom:
"She that has borrow'd young Tamlane
  Has gotten a stately groom!"

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
  Out of a bush o' rye:
"She's ta'en away the bonniest knight
  In a' my company.

"But had I kenn'd, Tamlane!" she says,—
  "A lady would borrow thee,
I would hae ta'en out thy twa gray een,
  Put in twa een o' tree.

"Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane!" she says,—
  "Before ye came frae hame,
I would hae ta'en out your heart o' flesh,
  Put in a heart o' stane.

"Had I but had the wit yest're'en
  That I hae coft this day,
I had paid my kane seven times to Hell
  Ere you had been won away."

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The King sits in Dunfermline town
  Drinking the blude-red wine :
" O where will I get a skeely skipper,
  To sail this ship o' mine ? "

Then up and spake an eldern knight,
  Sate at the King's right knee :
" Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
  That ever sail'd the sea."

Our King has written a braid letter,
  And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
  Was walking on the strand.

" To Noroway, to Noroway,
  To Noroway, over the faem !
The King's daughter of Noroway—
  'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
  Sae loud, loud laughed he ;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
  The tear blinded his ee.

" O wha is this has done this deed,
  Has told the King o' me,
To send us out this time o' the year
  To sail upon the sea ?

" Be't wind, be't weet, be't hail, be't sleet,
  Our ship must sail the faem ;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
  'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn
  Wi' a' the speed they may;
And they hae landed in Noroway
  Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
  In Noroway but twa
When that the lords o' Noroway
  Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's gowd
  And a' our Queenis fee!"
"Ye lee, ye lee, ye liars loud!
  Fu' loud I hear ye lee.

"For I brought as much o' the white monie
  As gane my men and me,
And a half-fou o' the gude red gowd
  Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
  Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now ever alack! my master dear!
  I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yest're'en,
  Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master!
  I fear we will come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
  And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors brake, and the topmasts lap,—
  It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came owre the broken ship,
  Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
  To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
  To see if I can spy land."

"O here am I a sailor gude
  To take the helm in hand
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
  But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
  A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
  And the salt sea it came in.

Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
  Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
  And let na the sea come in.

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
  Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them into the gude ship's side;
  But aye the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
  To weet their cork-heel'd shoon,
But lang or a' the play was play'd
  They wat their heads abune.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
  Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
  Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
  Wi' the gowd kaims in their hair,
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,—
  For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre, to Aberdour,
  It's fifty fathom deep:
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
  Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

CHEVY CHACE.

THE FIRST FYTTE.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
  And a vow to God made he
That he would hunt in the mountains
  At Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas
  And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
  He said he would kill and carry them away:
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,—
  "I will let that hunting if that I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,
  With him a mighty meany:
With fifteen hundred archers of blood and bone,—
  They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on Monday at morn,
  In Cheviot the hills so hie:
The child may rue that is unborn,—
  It was the more pity.

The drivers through the woods went
  For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bicker'd upon the bent,
  With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild [deer] through the woods went,
  On every side shear;
Greyhounds through the groves glent,
  For to kill the deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above
  Early on a Monenday ;
By that it drew to the hour of noon
  A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort on the bent,
  They assembled on sides shear ;
To the quarry then the Percy went
  To see the brittling of the deer.

He said—" It was the Douglas' promise
  This day to meet me here ;
But I wist he would fail verament——"
  A great oath the Percy sware.

At last a squire of Northumberland
  Look'd,—at his hand full nigh
He was ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
  With him a mighty meany,

Both with spear, [bill,] and brand :
  It was a mighty sight to see ;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
  Were not in Christentie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
  Withouten any fail,—
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
  In the bounds of Teviot-dale.

" Leave off the brittling of the deer!" he said,—
  " And to your bows look ye take good heed!
For sith ye were o' your mothers born
  Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
  He rode at his men beforne ;
His armour glitter'd as did a glede :
  A bolder baron never was born.

"Tell me what men ye are," he says,—
"Or whose men that ye be!
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot Chace in the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy:
"We will not tell thee what men we are,
Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this Chace
In spite of thine and thee.

"The fastest harts in all Cheviot
We have kill'd and cast to carry away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"The one of us shall die this day!

"But Percy! thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl in my country;
Let all our men on a party stand,
And do the battle of thee and me!"

"Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,—
"Whosoever thereto says Nay!
By my troth, doughty Douglas!" he says,—
"Thou shalt never see that day,

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name:
"It shall never be told in South England," he says,—
"To King Harry the Fourth for shame:

"I wot ye be great lordès twa,
I am a poor squire of land,—

I will never see my captain fight on a field
  And stand myself and look on,
But while I may my weapon wield
  I will not fail both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
  The first fytte here I find:
An you will hear more of the hunting o' the Cheviot,
  Yet is there more behind.

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Englishmen had their bows bent,
  Their hearts were good enow;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
  Seven score spearmen they slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
  A captain good enough,—
And that was seen verament,
  For he wrought them both woe and wouche.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
  Like a chief chieftain of pride;
With sure spears of mighty tree
  They come in on every side;

Through our English archery
  Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gart to die,
  Which gained them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bowès be,
  And pull'd out brands that were bright:
It was a heavy sight to see
  Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorough rich mail and many-plie
  Many sterne they stroke down streight;

Many a freke that was full free
  That under foot did light!

At last the Douglas and the Percy met
  Like two captains of might and main;
They swapp'd together till they both sweat,
  With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy frekès for to fight
  Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent
  As ever did hail or rain.

"Hold thee! Percy!" said the Douglas,—
  "And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
  Of Jamie, our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
  I hight thee hear this thing;
For the manfullest man yet art thou
  That ever I conquer'd in field fighting."

"Nay!" then said the lord Percy,—
  "I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
  To no man of a woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastily
  Forth of a mighty wane;
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
  In at the breast-bane.

Thorough liver and lungs baith
  The sharp arrow is gane
That never after in all his life-days
  He spake more words but ane:
That was—"Fight ye, my merry men! whiles ye may,
  For my life-days been gane."

The Percy leaned on his brand,
  And saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man by the hand
  And said—"Woe is me for thee!

"To have saved thy life I would have parted with
  My landès for years three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand
  Was not in all the North country."

Of all that see a Scottish knight,
  Was call'd Sir Hugh Montgomery:
He saw the Douglas to death was dight;
  He spended a spear, a trusty tree;

He rode upon a courser
  Through a hundred archery,
He never stinted nor never blan
  Till he came to the good lord Percy.

He set upon the lord Percy
  A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
  Clean thorough the body the Percy bore,

At the other side that a man might see,
  A large cloth yard and mair.
Two better captains were not in Christentie
  Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland
  Saw slain was the lord Percy,—
He bare a bend-bow in his hand,
  Was made of trusty tree;

An arrow that a cloth yard was long
  To the hard steel hail'd he;
A dint that was both sad and sore
  He set on Sir Hugh Montgomery.

The dint it was both sad and sore
  That he of Montgomery set;
The swan feathers his arrow bore
  With his heart-blood were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
  But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other while they might dree,
  With many a baleful brand.

This battle begun in Cheviot
  An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rung
  The battle was not half done.

They took on, on either hand,
  By the light of the moon:
Many had no strength for to stand
  In Cheviot, the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England
  Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spear-men of Scotland
  But even five and fifty:

But all were slain Cheviot within,—
  They had no strength to stand [or flee].
The child may rue that is unborn:
  It was the more pity.

There was slain with the lord Percy
  Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger the [hend] Hartley,
  Sir William the bold Hern.

Sir George the worthy Lovell—
  A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph the rich Rugby,
  With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was woe,
  That ever he slain should be,
For when both his legs were yewn in two,
  Yet he kneel'd and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas
  Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir David Liddel that worthy was
  (His sister's son was he),

Sir Charles a Murray—in that place
  That never a foot would flee,
Sir Hugh Maxwell—a lord he was,
  With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
  Of birch and hazel [and slae];
Many widows with weeping tears
  Came to fetch their mates away.

Teviotdale may carp of care,
  Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there
  On the March parts shall never be known.

Word is come unto Edinborough,
  To Jamie, the Scottish King,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he weal and wring;
  He said—"Alas! and woe is me!
Such another captain Scotland within,"
  He said,—"i' faith should never be."

Word is come unto lovely London,
  Till the fourth Harry, our King,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul!" said King Harry,—
"Good Lord! if thy will it be.
I have a hundred captains in England
As good as ever was he:
But, Percy! an I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be!"

As our noble King made his avow,
Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the lord Percy
He did the battle of Humbledown,

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down:
Glendale glitter'd on their armour bright,
Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the Hunting of the Cheviot;—
That tear began this spurn:
Old men that know the ground well enough
Call it the Battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn
Upon a Monenday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March parts,
Since the Douglas and the Percy met,
But it was marvel an the red blood ran not
As the rain does in the street.

Jesu Christ our balès bete
And to the bliss us bring!
Thus was the Hunting of the Cheviot.
God send us good ending!

JOHNIE OF BRAEDISLEE.

Johnie rose up in a May morning,
  Call'd for water to wash his hands;
"Gar loose to me the gude grey dogs
  That are bound wi' iron bands!"

When Johnie's mither gat word o' that,
  Her hands for dule she wrang;
"O Johnie! for my benison,
  To the greenwood dinna gang!

"Enough ye hae o' the gude [white] bread
  And enough o' the blude-red wine;
And therefore for nae venison
  I pray ye stir [for mine]."

But Johnie has busk'd his gude bend-bow,
  His arrows one by one,
And he has gane to Durisdeer
  To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
  And in the benty line,
There has he spied a deer lying
  Aneath a bush o' ling.

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,—
  He wounded her on the side;
And atween the water and the brae
  His hounds they have laid her pride.

And Johnie has brittled the deer sae weel,
  He's had out her liver and lungs;
And wi' these he has feasted his bludy hounds
  As if they had been earls' sons.

They eat so much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bludy hounds
Fell asleep as they had been [wood].

And by there came a silly auld carle:
An ill death mote he die!
For he is awa to Hislinton
Where the Seven Foresters lie.

"What news? what news? ye grey-headed carle!
What news bring ye to me?"
"I bring no news," said the grey-headed carle,—
"Save what these een did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
And down amang the scroggs,
The bonniest child that e'er I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

"The sark that was upon his back
Was o' the holland fine;
And the doublet which was over that
Was o' the lincome twine;

"The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the gowd sae gude;
The gude grey hounds he lay amang
Their mouths were dyed in blude."

Then out and spake the First Forester,
The head man o' them a':
"If this be Johnie o' Braedislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."

But up and spake the Sixth Forester
(His sister's son was he)—
"If this be Johnie o' Braedislee,
We soon shall gar him dee."

The first flight o' arrows the Foresters shot,
  They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spake the Seventh Forester—
  "The next will gar him dee."

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
  His foot against a stane;
And he has slain the Seven Foresters,—
  He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
  But and his collar-bane;
He's laid him twa-fold owre his steed,—
  Bade him carry the tidings hame.

"O, is there na a bonnie bird
  Can sing as I can say
Could flee awa to my mither's bower
  And tell to fetch me away?"

The starling flew to the window-stane;
  It whistled and it sang;
And aye the owre word o' the tune
  Was—"Johnie tarries lang!"

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
  And ane o' the hae-thorn tree;
And mony, mony were the men
  At the fetching of our Johnie.

Then out and spake his auld mither,
  And fast her tears did fa':
"Ye wadna be warn'd, my son Johnie!
  Frae the hunting to bide awa.

"Aft [had] I brought to Braedislee
  The less gear and the mair;
But I ne'er [had] brought to Braedislee
  What grieved my heart sae sair. . .

"But wae betide that silly auld carle!
  An ill death shall he dee:
For the highest tree on Merriemass
  Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnie's gude bend-bow is broke,
  And his gude grey dogs are [lone].
And his body lies dead in Durisdeer,
  And his hunting it is done.

THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

O heard ye na o' a silly blind harper,
  How lang he lived in Lochmaben town;
And how he would gang to fair England,
  To steal the Lord Warden's Wanton Brown?

But first he gaed to his gudewife,
  Wi' a' the haste that he could thole:
"This wark," quoth he,—"will ne'er gae weel
  Without a mare that has a foal."

Quoth she—"Thou hast a good grey mare
  That can lance owre baith low and hie;
Gae set thee on the grey mare's back
  And leave the foal at hame wi' me!"

So he is up to England gane,
  And even as fast as he can dree;
And when he came to Carlisle yett,
  O who was there but the Warden he.

"Come to my hall, thou silly blind harper!
  And of thy harping let me hear!"
"O by my sooth," quoth the silly blind harper,—
  "I'd rather hae stabling for my mare."

The Warden look'd over his left shoulder,
  And said unto his stable-groom—
"Gae take the silly blind harper's mare,
  And tie her beside my Wanton Brown!"

Then aye he harped and aye he carped
  Till a' the lordlings footed the floor;
But and the music was sae sweet,
  They have forgatten the stable-door.

And aye he harped and aye he carped
  Till a' the nobles were fast asleep;
Then quickly he took aff his shoon
  And saftly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hied
  Wi' tread as light as light could be;
And when he open'd it and gaed in,
  There he found thirty steeds and three.

He took a colt-halter frae his hose,
  And o' his purpose he didna fail;
He slipp'd it over the Wanton's nose,
  And tied it to his grey mare's tail.

He turn'd them loose at the castle yett,
  Owre moss and muir and [hill and] dale;
And she ne'er let the Wanton bait,
  But held him ganging at her tail.

The mare she was right swift o' foot,
  She didna fail to find the way,
For she was at Lochmaben yett
  A lang three hours before the day.

When she came to the harper's door,
  There she gi'ed mony a nicher and sneer;
"Rise!" quoth the wife,—"thou lazy lass!
  Let in thy master and his mare!"

Then up she rose, put on her claes,
And looked through at the look-hole;
"O by my sooth," then quoth the lass,—
"Our mare has gotten a braw brown foal."

"Come haud thy tongue, thou silly wench!
The moon's but glancing in your ee;
I'll wad my haill fee 'gainst a groat
He's bigger than e'er our foal will be."

Now all this while in merry Carlisle
The harper harped to hie and law;
And the fiend dought they but listen him to
Until that day began to daw'.

But on the morn at fair day-light,
When they had ended a' their cheer,
Behold the Wanton Brown was gane
And eke the poor blind harper's mare.

"Alas! alas!" quoth the cunning auld harper,—
"And ever alas that I came here!
In Scotland I've lost a braw colt-foal,
In England they've stolen my gude grey mare."

"Come cease thy alassing, thou silly blind harper!
And again of thy harpings let us hear!
And weel paid shall thy colt-foal be,
And thou shalt hae a far better mare."

Then aye he harped and aye he carped;
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear,
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times owre for the gude grey mare.

KINMONT WILLIE.

O hae ye na heard o' the fause Salkeld ?
  O hae ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope ?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
  On Hairibee to hang him up.

Had Willie had but twenty men,
  But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Salkeld had never the Kinmont ta'en,
  Wi' eight score in his company.

They bound his legs beneath the steed,
  They tied his hands behind his back,
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
  And they brought him owre the Liddell rack.

They led him owre the Liddell rack,
  And also through the Carlisle sands,
They brought him to Carlisle Castle,
  To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

" My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,—
  And wha will dare this deed avow,
Or answer by the Border law,
  Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch ? "

" Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver !
  There's never a Scot shall set ye free ;
Before ye shall cross my castle yett
  I trow ye shall take fareweel o' me."

" Fear na ye that, my lord !" quoth Willie,—
  " By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope !" he said,-
" I never yet lodged in a hostelry
  But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

Now word has gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That they hae ta'en the Kinmont Willie
Between the hours o' night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He gart the red wine spring on hie;
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avengèd of Lord Scroope I'll be.

"O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand o' the willow tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand
That an English lord should lightly me?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As weel I wot that there is nane,
I would slight Carlisle Castle hie
Though it were builded o' marble stane!

"I would set that castle in a low,
And slocken it wi' English blood:
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle Castle stood!

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,
I'll neither harm English lad nor lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
  Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,
Wi' spur on heel and splent on spauld,
  And gloves o' green and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a'
  Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
  Like Warden's men array'd for fight;

And five and five like a mason gang,
  That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five like broken men;—
  And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the 'bateable land,
  When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi'
  Wha should it be but the fause Salkeld?

"Where be ye gaun? ye hunters keen!"
  Quoth fause Salkeld,—"come tell to me!"
"We gae to hunt an English stag
  Has trespass'd on the Scots' country."

"Where be ye gaun? ye marshal men!"
  Quoth fause Salkeld,—"come tell me true!"
"We gae to catch a rank reiver
  Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where be ye gaun? ye mason lads!
  Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie."
"We gae to harry a corbie's nest
  That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun? ye broken men!"
  Quoth fause Salkeld,—"come tell to me!"
Now Dickie o' Dryhope led that band,
  And the never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quoth he;
The never a word had Dickie to say,—
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause body.

Then on we held for Carlisle Town,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden cross'd:
The water was great and mickle o' spait,
But the never a man nor horse we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and high;
And there the laird gart leave our nags,
For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and wet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed our ladders again' the wa',
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel'
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He has flung him down upon the lead;
"Had there not been peace between the lands,
Upon the other side thou'dst gaed!"

"Now sound our trumpets!" quoth Buccleuch,—
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrily!"
Then loud the Warden's trumpet blew—
"O wha dare meddle wi' me?"

Then speedily to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a';
And cut a hole through a sheet o' lead;
And sae we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
  Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but thirty Scots and ten
  That put a thousand in sic a steir.

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
  We gart the bars bang merrily,
Until we came to the inner prison,
  Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we came to the inner prison,
  Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie,
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie!
  Upon the morn that thou's to die."

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
  It's lang sin' sleeping was fley'd frae me;
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns
  And a' gude fellows that speir for me!"

Then Red Rowan has hent him up,
  The starkest man in Teviotdale;—
"Abide! abide now, Red Rowan!
  Till of my Lord Scroope I take fareweel."

"Fareweel! fareweel, my gude Lord Scroope!
  My gude Lord Scroope! fareweel!" he cried,—
"I'll pay ye for my lodging maill
  When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, wi' shout and cry,
  We bare him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made
  I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang.

"O mony a time," quoth Kinmont Willie,—
  "I've ridden a horse baith wild and wode,—
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
  I ween my legs hae ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quoth Kinmont Willie,—
"I've prick'd a horse out owre the furs;
But sin the day I back'd a steed
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs."

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, of horse and foot,
Came wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the farther side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:
"An ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trust his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

"He's either himsel' a devil frae Hell,
Or else his mither a witch maun be;
I wouldna hae ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

JAMIE TELFER.

It fell about the Martinmas tide,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The Captain o' Bewcastle hath boun' him to ride
And he's owre to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',
  It was high up Hardhaughswire;
The second guide that they met wi',
  It was laigh down in Borthwickshire.

"What tidings? what tidings? my trusty guide!"
  "Nae tidings, nae tidings I hae to thee;
But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
  Mony a cow's calf I'll let thee see."

And when they came to the fair Dodhead,
  Right hastily they clomb the peel;
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
  And ranshakled the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair;
  The tear aye rolling in his ee,
He pled wi' the Captain to hae his gear,
  Or else revengèd he would be.

The Captain turn'd him round and laugh'd;
  Said—"Man! there's naething in thy house
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
  That hardly now would fell a mouse."

The sun was na up, but the moon was down,
  It was the gryming o' new-fa'n snaw,—
Jamie Telfer has run ten miles a-foot
  Between the Dodhead and the Stobs' Ha'.

And when he came to the fair tower gate,
  He shouted loud and cried weel hie,
Till out bespake auld Gibbie Elliot—
  "Wha's this that brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
  And a harried man I trow I be:
There's naething left at the fair Dodhead
  But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."

"Gae seek your succor at Branksome Ha'!
For succor ye'se get nane frae me.
Gae seek your succur where ye paid black-mail!
For, man! ye ne'er paid money to me."

Jamie has turn'd him round about;
I wot the tear blinded his ee:
"I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I'll never see.

"My hounds may a' run masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,—
For there again I maun never be."

He has turn'd him to the Tiviotside
Even as fast as he could dree,
Till he came to the Coultart cleuch,
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespake him auld Jock Grieve:
"Wha's this that brings the fray to me?"
"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be.

"There's naething left in the fair Dodhead
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
And sax poor calves stand i' the sta'
A' routing loud for their minnie."

"Alack for wae!" quoth auld Jock Grieve,—
"Alack! my heart is sair for thee:
For I was married on the elder sister
And you on the youngest o' the three."

Then he's ta'en out a bonnie black,
Was right weel fed wi' corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslock-hill to take the fray.

And when he came to the Catslock-hill,
  He shouted loud and cried weel hie,
Till out and spake him William's Wat—
  "O wha's this brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
  A harried man I trow I be,—
The Captain o' Bewcastle's driven my gear:
  For God's sake rise and succour me!"

"Alack for wae!" quoth William's Wat,—
  "Alack! for thee my heart is sair:
I never came by the fair Dodhead
  That ever I found thy basket bare."

He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
  Himsel' upon a freckled grey,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer,
  To Branksome Ha' to take the fray.

And when they came to Branksome Ha',
  They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spake him auld Buccleuch,
  Said—"Wha's this brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
  And a harried man I trow I be:
There's naething left in the fair Dodhead
  But a greeting wife and bairnies three."

"Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,—
  "And ever my heart is wae for thee:
But fye! gar cry on Willie my son,
  And see that he come to me speedily.

"Gar warn the Water braid and wide!
  Gar warn it soon and hastily!
Wha winna ride for Telfer's kye,
  Let them never look on the face o' me!

"Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons!
Wi' them will Borthwick-water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Common-side!

"Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee!
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberrie!"

The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadily;
And aye the owreword o' the thrang
Was—"Rise for Branksome readily!"

The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
When Willie has look'd his men before
And saw the kye right fast drivin'.

"Wha drives this kye?" gan Willie say,—
"To make an outspeckle o' me."
"It's I, the Captain o' Bewcastle, Willie!
I winna layne my name for thee."

"O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or by the faith o' my body," quoth Willie Scott,—
"I'se ware my dame's calfskin on thee."

"I winna let the kye gae back
Nor for thy love nor yet thy fear;
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye
In spite of every Scot that's here."

"Set on them, lads!" quoth Willie then,—
"Fye, lads! set on them cruelly!
For ere they win to the Ritter-ford
Mony a toom saddle there shall be!"

Then till't they gaed, wi' heart and hand,—
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale.

But Willie was stricken owre the head,
And through the knapscap the sword has gane;
And Harden grat for very rage,
When Willie on the ground lay slain.

But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air:
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks o' Harden's hair.

"Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat gan cry:
"Fye, lads! lay on them cruelly!
We'll ne'er see Tiviotside again
Or Willie's death revenged shall be."

O, mony a horse ran masterless,
The splinter'd lances flew on hie;
But ere they wan to the Kershope-ford,
The Scots had gotten the victory.

Jock o' Brigham there was slain,
And Jock o' Barlow, as I hear say;
And thirty mair o' the Captain's men
Lay bleeding on the ground that day.

The Captain was run through the thick o' thigh,
And broken was his right leg bane:
If he had lived this hundred year,
He had never been loved by woman again.

"Hae back thy kye!" the Captain said,—
"Dear kye I trow to some they be:
For gin I should live a hundred years
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me!"

Then word is gane to the Captain's bride,
  Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land
  Since to Tividale he had led the way.

"I would lour'd hae had a winding-sheet,
  And help'd to put it owre his head,
Ere he'd been disgraced by the Border Scot
  When he owre Liddel his men did lead!"

There was a wild gallant amang us a,'
  His name was Wattie wi' the Wudspurs,—
Cried—"On for his house in Stanegarthside
  If ony man will ride [of ours]!"

When they came to the Stanegarthside,
  They dang wi' trees and burst the door;
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye
  And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
  A wee bit o' the Captain's kin:
"Wha dare loose out the Captain's kye,
  Or answer to him or his men?"

"It's I, Wattie Wudspurs, loose the kye,—
  I winna layne my name frae thee;
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
  In scorn of a' his men and he."

When they came to the fair Dodhead,
  They were a welcome sight to see:
For instead of his ain ten milk-kye
  Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot
  Baith wi' gowd and wi' white monie;
And at the burial of Willie Scott
  I wot was mony a weeping ee.

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

My Love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' the lily flower:
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true Love he built for me.

There came a knight by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight to me sae dear,
He slew my knight and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee
And left me in extremity.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane,
I watch'd the corpse myself alane,
I watch'd his body night and day,—
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O, think na ye my heart was wae
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain:
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart forevermair.

THE BROOM O' THE COWDENKNOWES.

O the broom, and the bonnie broom,
  The broom o' the Cowdenknowes!
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang
  I' the bught, milking the ewes.

The hills were high on ilka side,
  And the bught i' the lirk o' the hill;
And aye as she sang her voice it rang
  Out owre the head o' the hill.

There was a troop o' gentlemen
  Came riding merrily by,
And ane o' them has rade out o' the way,
  To the bught, to the bonnie may.

"Weel may ye save and see, bonnie lass!
  And weel may ye save and see!"
"And sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight!
  And what's your will wi' me?"

"The night is misty and mirk, fair may!
  And I hae ridden astray;
And will ye be sae kind, fair may!
  As come out and point my way?"

"Ride on! ride on! ye ramp rider!
  Your steed's baith stout and strang:
For out of the bught I darena come,
  For fear that ye do me wrang."

"O winna ye pity me? bonnie lass!
  O winna ye pity me?
O winna ye pity my poor steed
  Stands trembling at yon tree?"

"I wouldna pity your poor steed
Though it were tied to a thorn,
For if ye would gain my love the night,
Ye would slight me ere the morn.

"For I ken ye by your weel-busked hat,
And your merrie twinkling ee,
That ye're the laird o' the Oakland Hills,
And ye may weel seem to be."

"O I'm not the laird o' the Oakland Hills,
Ye're far mistaken o' me;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
And right aft in his company."

He has ta'en her by the middle jimp
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's lifted her owre the fauld-dyke,
And speir'd at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streeked her yellow hair;
"Now take ye that, my bonnie may!
O' me till ye hear mair!"

He's leap'd upon his berry-brown steed,
And soon he's owreta'en his men;
And ane and a' cried out to him—
"O master! ye've tarried [then]".

"O I hae been East, and I have been West,
And I hae been far owre the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw
Is i' the bught, milking the ewes!"

She's set the pail upon her head,
And she's gane singing hame;
"O where hae ye been? my ae daughter!
Ye hae na been your lane."

"O naebody was wi' me, father!
O naebody's been wi' me:
The night is misty and mirk, father!
Ye may gae to the door and see.

"But wae be to your eweherd, father!
And an ill death may he dee:
He bug the bught at the back o' the knowe,
And a tod has frighten'd me.

"There came a tod to the bught door,
The like I never saw:
And ere he had ta'en the lamb he did,
I'd lour'd he had ta'en them a'."

O when fifteen weeks were come and gane,
Fifteen weeks and three,
The lassie began to look thin and pale,
And to lang for his twinkling ee.

It fell on a day, on a hot simmer day,
She was calling her father's kye,
By came a troop of gentlemen
A merrily riding by.

"Weel may ye save and see, bonnie may!
Weel may ye save and see!
Weel I wot ye to be a bonnie may,—
But wha's ought that babe ye are wi'?"

Never a word could the lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame;
And never a word could the lassie say
But "I hae a gudeman at hame."

"Ye lied, ye lied, my bonnie may!
Sae loud as I hear ye lee:
For dinna ye mind that misty night
I was in the bught wi' thee?

"I ken ye by your middle jimp
  And your merrie twinkling ee,
Ye're the bonnie lass o' the Cowdenknowes,
  And ye may weel seem to be."

He's lighted aff his berry-brown steed,
  And he's set that fair may on;
"Call out your kye, gude father! yoursel'—
  For she'll never call them again!

"I am the laird o' the Oakland Hills,
  I hae thirty plows and three,
And I hae gotten the bonniest may
  That's in a' the South country."

CLERK SAUNDERS.

Clerk Saunders and may Margaret
  Walk'd over yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
  That fell the twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,—
  "A bed for you and me!"
"Fye, na! fye, na!" said may Margaret,-
  "Till anes we married be:

"For in may come my seven brothers
  Wi' torches burning bright;
They'll say—We hae but ae sister,
  And behold she's wi' a knight."

"Then take the sword from my scabbard,
  And slowly lift the pin!
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
  Ye let na Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand,
  And tie up your bonnie een,
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
  Ye saw me na since yest're'en."

It was about the midnight hour,
  When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers
  Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers
  Wi' torches burning bright;
They said—"We hae but ae sister,
  And behold she's wi' a knight!"

Then out and spake the first brother—
  "My sword shall gar him dee!"
And out and spake the second brother—
  "His father's nae mair than he!"

And out and spake the third brother—
  "I wot they are lovers dear!"
And out and spake the fourth brother—
  "They been lovers this mony a year!"

Then out and spake the fifth brother—
  "It were sin true love to twain!"
And out and spake the sixth brother—
  "Shame to slay a sleeping man!"

Then up and gat the seventh brother,
  And never a word spake he;
But he has striped his bright brown sword
  Out through Clerk Saunders' body.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret turn'd
  In his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
  That was between the twae.

And she lay still and sleeped sound
  Till the day began to daw',
And kindly to him she did say—
  " It is time, Love! you're awa."

But he lay still and sleeped sound,
  Till the sun began to sheen;
She look'd atween her and the wa',—
  Dull and drowsy were his een.

Then in and came her father dear;
  Said—" Let your mourning be!
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
  And come back and comfort thee."

" Comfort weel your seven sons!
  For comfort will I ne'er [see]
I ween it was neither knave nor loon
  Was in bower last night wi' me."—

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
  [For] the dead corpse to the clay.
Clerk Saunders stood at Margaret's window
  An hour before the day.

" Are ye sleeping? Margaret!" he says,—
  " Are ye waking presently?
Give me my faith and troth again,
  True Love! I gave to thee!"

" Your faith and troth ye shall never get,
  Nor our true love shall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower
  And kiss me cheek and chin!"

" My mouth it is full-cold, Margaret!
  Has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth
  [Thy] days of life [are found].

"O, cocks are crowing a merry mid night,
The wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
Let me fare on my way!"

"Thy faith and troth thou shall na get,
Nor our true love shall never twin,
Until ye tell me what comes of women
Who die in strong travailin'."

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
At the [side] of Our Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers,
I wot sweet for to see.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry mid night,
The wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I will be miss'd away."

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
She has stroken her troth thereon,
She has given it him out at the shot window
Wi' mony a sigh and groan.

"I thank ye, Margaret! Margaret!
And I thank ye heartily;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure I will come for thee."

It's hosen and shoon and gown alone:
Clomb the wall and followed him
Until she came to the green forest;
There she lost sight of him.

"Is there ony room at your head? Saunders!
Is there ony rocm at your feet?
Or any room at your side? Saunders!
Where fain, fain I would sleep."

"There's nae room at my head, Margaret!
 There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now,
 'Mang the hungry worms I sleep.

'Cauld mould it is my covering now,
 But and my winding sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down
 Than my resting-place is weet."

EARL RICHARD.

"O Lady! rock never your young young son
 One hour the langer for me:
For I have a sweetheart in Garlioch Wells
 I love far better than thee.

"The very sole o' that Lady's foot
 Than thy face is far mair white."
"But ne'ertheless now, Earl Richard!
 Ye'll bide in my bower the night!"

She birled him wi' the ale and wine
 As they sat down to sup;
A living man he laid him down,
 But I wot he ne'er rose up.

Then up and spake the popinjay
 That flew abune her heid,—
"Lady! keep weel your green clothing
 Frae gude Earl Richard's bleid!"

"O better I'll keep my green clothing
 Frae gude Earl Richard's bleid
Than thou canst keep thy clattering tongue
 That trattles in thy heid."

She has called unto her bower maidens,
She has called them ane by ane :
"There lies a dead man in my bower,—
I wish that he were gane."

They hae booted him and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride ;
And hae had him to the wan water,
For a' men call it Clyde.

Then up and spake the popinjay
That sat upon the tree—
"What hae ye done wi' Earl Richard ?
Ye were his gay lady."

"Come down ! come down, my bonnie bird !
And sit upon my hand !
And thou shalt hae a cage o' gowd
Where thou hast but the wand."

"Awa ! awa, ye ill woman !
Nae cage o' gowd for me :
As ye hae done to Earl Richard,
Sae would ye do to me."

O it fell anes, upon a day,
The king was boun' to ride ;
And he has miss'd him, Earl Richard,
Should have ridden on his right side.

The Lady turn'd her round about,
Wi' mickle mournfu' din :
"It fears me sair o' Clyde water,
That he is drown'd therein."

"Gar douk ! gar douk !" the king he cried,—
"Gar douk, for gowd and fee !
O wha'll douk for Earl Richard's sake ?
O wha will douk for me ?"

They douked in at ae weil-head,
And out aye at the ither;
"We can douk nae mair for Earl Richard
An were he our ain brither."

It fell that in that Lady's [bower]
The king was boun to bed;
And up and spake the popinjay
That flew abune his head:

"Leave off your douking on the day,
And douk upon the night!
And wherever that sackless knight lies slain
The candles will burn bright."

"O there's a bird within this bower
That sings baith sad and sweet,—
O there's a bird within your bower
Keeps me frae my night's sleep."

They left the douking on the day,
And douked on the night;
And where that sackless knight lay slain
The candles burned bright.

The deepest pot in a' the linn
Earl Richard in they found,
A green turf tied across his breast,
To keep that gude lord down.

Then up and spake the king himsel',
When he saw the deadly wound:
"O wha has slain my right hand man,
That held my hawk and hound?"

Then up and spake the popinjay,—
Says—"What needs a' this din?
It was his light leman took his life,
And hided him in the linn."

She swore her by the grass sae green,
  Sae did she by the corn,
She hadna seen him, Earl Richard,
  Since Moninday at morn.

"Put na the wyte on me!" she said,—
  "It was my may Kathrine."
Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn
  To burn that maiden in.

It wouldna take upon her cheek,
  Nor yet upon her chin,
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,—
  To cleanse the deadly sin.

Out they have ta'en her, may Kathrine,
  And put [that Lady] in;
The flame took fast upon her cheek,
  Took fast upon her chin,
Took fast upon her fair body;
  She burn'd like hollies green.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

"Rise up! rise up now, Lord Douglas!" she says,—
  "And put on your armour sae bright!
Let it never be said that a daughter o' thine
  Was married to a lord under night!

"Rise up! rise up, my seven bold sons!
  And put on your armour sae bright;
And take better care o' your youngest sister,
  For your elder's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
  And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side;
  And lightly they rade away.

Lord William look'd owre his left shoulder,
  To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold
  Come riding over the lea.

"Light down! light down, Lady Margaret!" he said,—
  "And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold
  And your father I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
  And never shed one tear
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
  And her father hard fighting, who loved her sae dear.

"O hold your hand! Lord William!" she said,—
  "For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many an ane,
  But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
  It was o' the holland sae fine;
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
  That were redder than the wine.

"O choose! O choose, Lady Margaret!" he said,—
  "O whether will ye gang or bide!"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William!" she said,—
  "For ye hae left me nae other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
  And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side;
  And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on and on they rade,
  And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
  And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink
  Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
  And sair she began to fear.

"Hold up! hold up, Lord William!" she says,—
  "For I fear that you are slain."
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
  That shines in the water so plain."

O they rade on and on they rade,
  And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
  And there they lighted down.

"Get up! get up, lady mother!" he says,—
  "Get up and let me in!
Get up! get up, lady mother!" he says,—
  "For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O make my bed, lady mother!" he says,—
  "O make it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Margaret close at my back!
  And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
  Lady Margaret lang ere day:
And a' true lovers that go thegither,
  May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
  Lady Margaret in Mary's choir;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
  And out o' the knight's a briar.

And they twa met, and they twa plait,
  And fain they would be near;
And a' the world might ken right weel
  They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,
  And wow, but he was rough!
For he pull'd up the bonny briar
  And flung't in St. Mary's Loch.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

"O wha will shoe my fair foot?
  And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
  Wi' a new-made London band?

"Or wha will kame my yellow hair
  Wi' a new-made silver kame?
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
  Till love Gregor come hame?"

"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,
  Your mother glove your hand,
Your sister lace your middle jimp
  Wi' a new-made London band;

"Your brethren will kame your yellow hair
  Wi' a new-made silver kame;
And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn
  Till love Gregor come hame."

"O gin I had a bonny ship
  And men to sail wi' me,
It's I would gae to my true Love,
  Sin' he winna come to me!"

Her father's gi'en her a bonny ship,
  And sent her to the strand;
She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
  And turn'd her back to the land.

She hadna been on the sea sailing
  About a month or more,
Till landed has she [frae] her bonny ship
  Near her true Love's door.

The night was dark, and the wind blew cauld,
  And her Love was fast asleep;
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
  Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true Love's door
  And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,—
  Says "Wha's that would be in?"

"O it is Annie of Lochroyan,
  Your Love, come owre the sea;
But and your young son in her arms:
  So open the door to me!"

"Awa! awa, ye ill woman!
  Ye're nae come here for good,—
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
  Or mermaid o' the flood."

"I'm nae a witch or vile warlock
  Or mermaiden," said she,—
"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan:
  O open the door to me!"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
  As I trust not ye be,
What token can ye gie that e'er
  I kept your company?"

"O dinna ye mind, love Gregor!" she says,—
  "When we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks?
  It's nae sae lang sinsyne.

"And yours was good, and good enough.
But nae sae good as mine:
For yours was o' the cambric clear,
And mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor!" she says,—
"As we twa sat at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine.

"And yours was good, and good enough,
Yet nae sae good as mine:
For yours was o' the good red gold,
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

"Sae open the door now, love Gregor!
And open it wi' speed,
Or your young son that is in my arms
For cauld will soon be dead!"

"Awa! awa, ye ill woman!
Gae frae my door for shame,—
For I hae gotten anither fair Love:
Sae ye may hie ye hame!"

"O hae ye gotten anither fair Love,
For a' the oaths ye sware?
Then fare ye weel now, fause Gregor!
For me ye'se never see mair."

O hooly, hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship-board,
And sair, sair did she weep.

"Take down, take down the mast o' gold!
Set up the mast o' tree!
Ill suits it a forsaken lady
To sail sae gallantly.

"Take down, take down the sails o' silk!
Set up the sails o' skin!
Ill suits the outside to be gay
When there's sic grief within."

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say—
"I dream'd a dream this night, mother!
That makes my heart right wae.

"I dream'd that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower of a' her kin,
Was standing mourning at my door,
But nane would let her in."

"O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi' a bairn intill her arm;
But I wouldna let her within the bower,
For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly quickly rose he up
And fast ran to the strand,
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.

And "Hey, Annie!" and "Ho, Annie!
O Annie! speak to me!"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie!"
The louder roar'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating owre the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
  And drew her to the strand;
But cauld and stiff was every limb
  Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kiss'd her cherry cheeks,
  And syne he kiss'd her chin;
And sair he kiss'd her ruby lips,
  But there was nae breath therein.

O he has mourn'd owre fair Annie
  Till the sun was ganging down;
Syne wi' a sigh his heart it brast,
  And his soul to heaven has flown.

THE CRUEL KNIGHT.

The knight stands in the stable door.
  As he was boun to ride,
When out there came his fair lady
  Desiring him to bide.

"How can I bide? how dare I bide,
  How can I bide wi' thee?
Have I not kill'd thy ae brither?
  Thou hadst nae mair but he."

"If thou hast kill'd my ae brither,
  Alas, and woe is me!
But if I save thee frae the pain,
  The better you'll love me."

She's ta'en him to her secret bower,
  Steik'd wi' a silver pin;
And she is up to the highest tower,
  To watch that nane came in.

She hadna well gane up the stair
  And enter'd in the tower,
When four and twenty armed knights
  Came riding to the door.

"Now God you save, my fair lady!
  Declare to me, I pray,
Did you not see a wounded knight
  Come riding by this way?"

"Yes! bluidy, bluidy was his sword,
  And bluidy were his hands;
But if the steed he ride be good,
  He's past fair Scotland's strands.

"Light down! light down then, gentlemen!
  And take some bread and wine:
The better you will him pursue
  When you shall lightly dine."

Then she's gane to her secret bower,
  Her husband dear to meet;
But out he drew his bluidy sword
  And wounded her fu' deep.

"What harm, my lord! provokes thine ire
  To wreak itself on me?
Have I not saved thy life from foes?—
  And saved for sic a fee!"

"Now live, now live, my dear lady!
  O live but half an hour,
There's ne'er a leech in a' Scotland
  But shall be at thy bower!"

"How can I live, how shall I live,
  How can I live for thee?
See ye not where my red heart's bluid
  Runs trickling down my knee?"

BURD ELLEN.

Lord John stood in his stable door,
  Said he was boun to ride;
Burd Ellen stood in her bower door,
  Said she'd run by his side.

He's putten on his cork-heel'd shoon,
  And fast away rade he;
She's clad herself in page array,
  And after him ran she.

Till they came to a wan water,
  And folk do call it Clyde;
Then he's look'd owre his left shoulder,
  Says—"Lady, will ye ride?"

"O I learn'd it wi' my bower woman,
  And I learn'd it for my weal,
Whenever I came to wan water
  To swim like ony eel."

But the firsten step the lady stepp'd,
  The water came till her knee;
"Ochone! alas!" said [burd Ellen],—
  "This water's owre deep for me."

The nexten step the lady stepp'd,
  The water came till her middle;
And sighing says [then burd Ellen],—
  "I've wet my gowden girdle!"

The thirden step the lady stepp'd,
  The water came till her pap;
And the bairn that was in her twa sides
  For cauld began to [lap].

"Lie still! lie still, my ain dear babe!
Ye work your mother wae;
Your father rides on high horseback,
Cares little for us twae."

O about the midst o' Clyde's water
There was a yeard-fast stane;
He lightly turn'd his horse about,
And took her on him behin'.

"O tell me this now, good lord John!
And a word ye dinna lee,—
How far it is to your lodging,
Where we this night may be?"

"O see na ye yon castle, Ellen!
That shines sae fair to see?
There is a lady in it, Ellen!
Will sunder you and me.

"There is a lady in that castle
Will sunder you and [me]."
"Betide me weal, betide me wae,
I shall gae there [wi' thee]."

"My dogs shall eat the good white bread,
And ye shall eat the bran!
Then will ye sigh, and say Alas
That ever I was a man."

"O I shall eat the good white bread,
And your dogs shall eat the bran;
And I hope to live to bless the day
That ever ye was a man."

"O my horse shall eat the good white meal,
And ye shall eat the corn;
Then will ye curse the heavy hour
That ever your Love was born."

"O I shall eat the good white meal,
And your horse shall eat the corn;
I aye shall bless the happy hour
That ever my Love was born."

O four and twenty gay ladies
Welcomed lord John to the hall;
But a fairer lady than them a'
Led his horse to the stable stall.

O four and twenty gay ladies
Welcomed lord John to the green;
But a fairer lady than them a'
At the manger stood alane.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun to meat,
Burd Ellen was at the bye-table
Among the pages set.

"O eat and drink, my bonny boy!
The white bread and the beer."
"The never a bit can I eat or drink,
My heart's sae fu' o' fear."

"O eat and drink, my bonny boy!
The white bread and the wine."
"O how shall I eat or drink, master!
Wi' heart sae fu' o' pine?"

But out and spake lord John's mother,
And a wise woman was she:
"Where met ye wi' that bonny boy
That looks sae sad on thee?

"Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,
And sometimes deadly wan;
He's liker a woman big wi' bairn
Than a young lord's serving man."

"O it makes me laugh, my mother dear!
Sic words to hear frae thee;
He is a squire's ae dearest son,
That for love has follow'd me.

"Rise up! rise up, my bonny boy!
Gi'e my horse corn and hay!"
"O that I will, my master dear!
As quickly as I may."

She's ta'en the hay under her arm,
The corn intill her han',
And she's gane to the great stable
As fast as e'er she can.

"O room ye round, my bonny steeds!
O room ye near the wall!
For the pain that strikes me through the sides
Fu' soon will gar me fall."

She's lean'd her back against the wall,—
Strong travail came her on;
And there amang the great horse feet
Burd Ellen brought forth her son.

Lord John's mother intill her bower
Was sitting all alone,
When in the silence o' the night
She heard Burd Ellen's moan.

"Won up! won up, my son!" she says,—
"Gae see how a' does fare!
For I think I hear a woman's groans
And a bairnie greeting sair."

O hastily he gat him up,
Stay'd neither for hose nor shoon,
And he's gat him to the stable door
Wi' the clear light o' the moon.

He's struck the door hard wi' his foot,
  Sae has he wi' his knee,
And iron locks and iron bars
  Into the floor flung he;
"Be not afraid, Burd Ellen!" he says,—
  "There's nane come in but me.

"Take up, take up my bonny young son!
  Gar wash him wi' the milk!
Take up, take up my fair lady!
  Gar roll her in the silk!

"And cheer thee up, Burd Ellen!" he says,—
  "Look nae mair sad nor wae!
For your marriage and your churching too
  Shall baith be in ae day."

EDOM O' GORDON.

It fell about the Martinmas,
  When the wind blew shrill and cold,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men—
  "We maun draw to a hold.

"And what an hold shall we draw to,
  My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house of the Rodes,
  To see that fair lady."

She had nae sooner busked hersel'
  Nor putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
  Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner sitten down,
  No sooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
  Were closed about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower head,
  As fast as she could drie,
To see if by her fair speeches
  She could with him agree.

As soon as he saw the lady fair
  And her gates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
  And his heart was aghast.

"Come down to me, ye lady fair!
  Come down to me, let's see!
This night ye'se lie by my ain side,
  The morn my bride shall be."

"I winna come down, ye false Gordon!
  I winna come down to thee,
I winna forsake my ain dear Lord
  That is sae far frae me."

"Gi'e up your house, ye fair lady!
  Gi'e up your house to me!
Or I will burn yoursel' therein,
  Both you and your babes three."

"I winna gi'e up, ye false Gordon!
  To nae sic traitor as thee,
Though you should burn mysel' therein,
  Both and my babes three."

"Set fire to the house!" quoth false Gordon,—
  "Sin better mayna be;
And I will burn hersel' therein,
  Both and her babes three."

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
  I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pull ye out my ground wall-stane,
  Lets in the reek to me?

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
For I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pull ye out my ground wall-stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

"Ye paid me weel my hire, lady!
Ye paid me weel my fee;
And now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either do or dee."

O then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee:
"Dear mother! gi'e owre your house!" he says,—
"For the reek it worries me."

"I winna gi'e up my house, my dear!
To nae sic traitor as he;
Come weal, come woe, my jewels fair!
Ye maun take share with me."

O then bespake her daughter dear,—
She was baith jimp and small:
"O roll me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wall!"

They roll'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wall;
But on the point of Edom's spear
She gat a deadly fall.

O bonny, bonny, was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair
Whereon the red bluid drips!

Then with his spear he turn'd her owre,—
O gin her face was wan!
He said—"You are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again."

He turn'd her owre, and owre again,—
  O gin her skin was white !
He said—"I might hae spared thy life
  To been some man's delight !

"Busk and boun, my merry men a' !
  For ill dooms I do guess ;
I canna look in that bonny face
  As it lies upon the grass."

"Them looks to frights, my master dear !
  Their frights will follow [hame] ;
Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon
  Was daunted with a dame ! "—

O then he spied (her ain dear lord
  As he came owre the lea),
He saw his castle in a' fire,
  As far as he could see.

"Put on ! put on, my wighty men !
  As fast as ye can drie !
For he that's hindmost of my men
  Shall ne'er get good o' me."

And some they rade, and some they ran,
  Fu' fast out owre the plain ;
But lang, lang ere he could get up
  They were a' dead and slain.

But mony were the moody men
  Lay gasping on the green ;
For of fifty men that Edom brought out
  There were but five gaed hame.

THE TWA BROTHERS.

"O will ye gae to the schule? brother!
  Or will ye gae to the ba'?
Or will ye gae to the wood a-wrastling,
  To see whilk o' us maun fa'?"

"It's I winna gae to the schule, brother!
  Nor will I gae to the ba';
But I will gae to the wood a-wrastling,
  And it is you maun fa'."

They wrastled up, they wrastled down,
  The live-lang simmer's day,
Till out and Willie's drawn his sword
  And did his brother slay.

"O lift me up upon your back,
  Take me to yon well fair!
You'll wash my bluidy wounds owre and owre,
  And syne they'll bleed nae mair.

"And ye'll take aff my holland sark,
  And rive it frae gair to gair;
Ye'll steep it in my bluidy wounds,
  And syne they'll bleed nae mair."

He's lifted his brother upon his back,
  Ta'en him to yon well fair;
He's wash'd his bluidy wounds owre and owre,
  But aye they bled mair and mair.

And he's ta'en aff his holland sark,
  Riven it frae gair to gair;
He's steeped it in his bluidy wounds,
  But aye they bled mair and mair.

"Ye'll lift me up upon your back,
  Take me to Kirk-land fair;
Ye'll make my grave baith braid and lang,
  And lay my body there.

"Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,
  My bend-bow at my feet,
My sword and buckler at my side,
  As I was wont to sleep.

"When ye gae hame to your father,
  He'll speir for his son John:
Say ye left him into Kirk-land fair,
  Learning the schule alone.

"When ye gae hame to my sister,
  She'll speir for her brother John:
Ye'll say ye left him in Kirk-land fair,
  The green grass growing aboon.

"When ye gae hame to my true Love,
  She'll speir for her [love] John:
Ye'll say ye left him in Kirk-land fair,
  But hame ye fear he'll never come."

He's gane hame to his father;
  He speir'd for his son John:
It's "I left him into Kirk-land fair,
  Learning the schule alone."

And when he gaed hame to his sister,
  She speir'd for her brother John:
It's "I left him into Kirk-land fair,
  The green grass growing aboon."

And when he gaed hame to his true Love,
  She speir'd for her [love] John:
It's "I left him into Kirk-land fair,—
  Hame I fear he'll never come."

"But what bluid's that on your sword? Willie!
Sweet Willie! tell to me!"
"O it's the bluid o' my grey hounds;
They wouldna rin for me."

"It's nae the bluid o' your hounds, Willie!
Their bluid was never so red;
But it's the bluid o' my true Love
That ye hae slain [instead]."

That fair may wept, that fair may mourn'd,
That may did mourn and pine:
"When every [may] looks for her love,
I ne'er need look for mine!"

"O what death will ye die? Willie!
Now, Willie! tell to me."
"Ye'll put me into an oarless boat,
And I'll gae sail the sea."

"When will ye come home again? Willie!
Now, Willie! tell to me."
"When the sun and moon dance on the green.
And that will never be."

EDWARD.

"Why does your brand sae drip wi' bluid?
Edward! Edward!
Why does your brand sae drip wi' bluid,
And why so sad gang ye, O?"
"O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither! mither!
O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O!"

"Your hawk, his bluid was never sae red,
Edward! Edward!

Your hawk, his bluid was never sae red,
My dear son! I tell thee, O!"
"O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither! mither!
O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O!"

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward! Edward!
Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair;
Some other dule ye dree, O!"
"O I hae kill'd my father dear,
Mither! mither!
O I hae kill'd my father dear,—
Alas! and woe is me, O!"

"And what penance will ye dree for that?
Edward! Edward!
And what penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son! now tell me, O!"
"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither! mither!
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O!"

"And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha'?
Edward! Edward!
And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha'
That were sae fair to see, O?"
"I'll let them stand till they downfa',
Mither! mither!
I'll let them stand till they downfa',
For here never maun I be, O!"

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward! Edward!
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang over the sea, O?"

" The warldès room,—let them beg through life!
Mither! mither!
The warldès room,—let them beg through life!
For them never mair will I see, O!"

" And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear?
Edward! Edward!
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear?
My dear son! now tell me, O!"
" The curse of Hell frae me shall ye bear,
Mither! mither!
The curse of Hell frae me shall ye bear!
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

THE TWA CORBIES.

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa Corbies making a mane:
The ane unto the ither did say—
" Where shall we gang dine the day?"

" In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

" His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en anither mate,
Sae we may make our dinner sweet.

" Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een,
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

" Mony an ane for him makes mane,
But nane shall tell where he is gane;
Owre his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind shall blaw for evermair."

THE THREE RAVENS.

There were three Ravens sat on a tree
  Down-a-down, hey down, hey down!
There were three Ravens sat on a tree,
                  With a down!
There were three Ravens sat on a tree:
They were as black as they might be,
With a down, derry derry derry down down!

The one of them said to his make.
Where shall we our breakfast take?

Down in yonder greenè field
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feet;
So well they their master keep.

His hawks, they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh.

Down there comes a fallow doe,
Great with young as she might go.

She lift up his bloody head,
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red.

She gat him upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead ere even-time.

God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such leman!
                  With a down, derry—

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John :
And he rulèd England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury :
How for his housekeeping and high renown
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the King did hear say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

"How now, father Abbot! I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me :
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My Liege!" quoth the Abbot,—"I would it were known
I never spend nothing but what is my own ;
And I trust that your Grace will do me no dere
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes! yes! father Abbot! thy fault it is high ;
And now for the same thou needest must die :
For, except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

"And first," quoth the King,—"when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth ;

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,—
But tell me here truly what I do think!"

"O these are hard questions for my shallow wit!
Nor I can not answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live:
For, if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold;
"How now, my lord Abbot! you are welcome home,—
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd! I must give:
That I have but three days more to live;
For, if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body.

"The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth;

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sir Abbot! did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not! it hath been told to me,
I am like your lordship as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town."

"Now horses and serving men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier and mitre and rochet and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our Father the Pope!"

"Now welcome, sir Abbot!" the King he did say,—
"'Tis well thou art come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall be!

"And first, when thou seèst me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth!"

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty and nine is the worth of thee:
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by St. Bittel—
"I did not think I had been worth so little.
Now secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about!"

"You must rise with the sun and ride with the same
Until the next morning he rises again:
And then your Grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laugh'd, and he swore by St. Jone—
"I did not think it could be gone so soon.
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea! that shall I do, and make your Grace merry:
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by the Mass—
"I'll make thee lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay! my Liege! be not in such speed:
For, alack! I neither can write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comèst home
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John!"

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

Of all the lords in fair Scotland—
  A song I will begin—
Amongst them all there dwelt a lord
  Which was the unthrifty Heir of Linne.

His father and mother were dead him from:
  So [he] was the head of all his kin.
To the cards and dice that he did run
  He did neither cease nor blin;

To drink the wine that was so clear,
  With every man he would make merry.
And then bespake him John o' the Scales:
  Unto the Heir of Linne said he;

Says—"How dost thou? Lord of Linne!
Doest either want gold or fee?
Wilt thou not sell thy lands so broad
To such a good fellow as me?"

"For [gold that] I [do need]," he said,—
"My land, take it unto thee!"
"I draw you to record, my lords all!"
With that he cast him a God's penny.

He told him the gold upon the board,
It wanted never a bare penny:
"That gold is thine, the land is mine;
The Heir of Linne [so] I will be."

"Here's gold enough," saith the Heir of Linne,—
"Both for me and my company,"
He drank the wine that was so clear,
And with every man he made merry.

Within three quarters of a year
His merry men were from him gone
(His gold and fee it waxed thin)
And left him himself all alone.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny but [only] three:
And one was brass, and another was lead,
And another was white money.

"Now well-a-day!" said the Heir of Linne,—
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me!
For when I was the lord of Linne
I neither wanted gold nor fee.

"For I have sold my lands so broad,
And have not left me one penny:
I must go now and take some read
Unto Edinborough and beg [me].

He had not been in Edinborough
  Not quarters of a year three,
But some did give him, and some said Nay!
  And some bid "To the Deil gang ye!

"For if we should hang any land [seller]
  The first we would begin with thee."
"Now well-a-day!" said the Heir of Linne,—
  "Now well-a-day, and woe is me!

"For now I have sold my lands so broad,
  [Every] man is irk with me;
But when I was the lord of Linne
  Then on my land I lived merrily.

"And now I have sold my land so broad,
  I have not left me one penny.
God be with my father!" he said,—
  "On his land he lived merrily."

Still in a study there as he stood
  He unbethought him of [a] bill
Which his father had left with him
  [Which he had kept unto him still].

Bade him he should never on it look
  Till he was in extreme need;
"And by my faith," said the Heir of Linne,—
  "Than now I had never more need."

He took the bill and look'd it on;
  Good comfort that he found there:
It told him of a castle wall
  Where there stood three chests in fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold,
  The third was full of white money;
He turn'd then down his bags of bread,
  And fill'd them full of gold [ruddy].

Then he did never cease nor blan
  Till John o' the Scales' house he did win;
When that he came to John o' the Scales'
  Up at the speir he looked [in].

There sat three lords upon a row,
  And John o' the Scales at the board's head,
Because he was the lord of Linne
  [As hath been herein aforesaid].

And then bespake the Heir of Linne,
  To John o' the Scales' wife thus said he,—
Said—"Dame! wilt thou not trust me one shot,
  That I may sit down in this company?"

"Now Christ's curse on my head," she said,—
  "If I do trust thee one penny!"
Then bespake a good fellow
  Which sat by John o' the Scales his knee:

Said—"Have thou here, thou Heir of Linne!
  Forty pence I will lend thee,—
Sometime a good fellow thou hast been;
  And other forty if need be."

They drunken wine that was so clear,
  And every man they made merry;
And then bespake him John o' the Scales,—
  Unto the [Heir] of Linne said he:

Said—"How doest thou, Heir of Linne!
  Since I did buy thy lands of thee?
I will sell it thee twentily better cheap
  Nor ever I did buy it of thee."

I draw you to record, lords all!"
  With that he cast him God's penny;
Then he took to his bags of bread,
  And they were full of the gold [raddy].

He told him the gold then over the board,—
It wanted never a [bare] penny :
"That gold is thine, the land is mine ;
And the [lord] of Linne again I'll be."

"Now well-a-day!" said John o' the Scales' wife,—
"Well-a-day, and woe is me!
Yesterday I was the Lady of Linne ;
Now I but John o' the Scales' wife [be]."

Says—"Have thou here, thou good fellow!
Forty pence thou didst lend me :
I'll make thee keeper of my forest,
And forty pounds I will give thee."

[And] then bespake the Heir of Linne,
These were the words, and thus said he :
"Christ's curse light upon my crown
If e'er my land stand in jeopardy!"

THE OLD CLOAK.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld
Was threatening a' our kye to kill,
Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily—
"Get up, gudeman! save Crummie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye!"

"O Bell! why dost thou flyte and scorn?
Thou ken'st my cloak is very thin :
It is so bare and overworn,
A crick he thereon canna rin.
Then I'll nae langer borrow nor lend,
For anes I'll new apparel'd be ;

To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
  I'll hae a new cloak about me!"

"My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
  And she is come o' a gude kine;
Aft hath she wet the bairnies' mou',
  And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, gudeman! it is fu' time,
  The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end:
  Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye!"

"My cloak was anes a gude grey cloak,
  When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
  For I hae worn it this thirty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won!
  We little ken the day we'll dee:
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
  To have a new cloak about me."

"In days when gude King Robert rang,
  His trews they cost but half a crown:
He said they were a groat owre dear,
  And call'd the tailor thief and loon.
He was the King, that wore a crown,
  And thou art a man o' laigh degree;—
'Tis pride puts a' the country down:
  Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye!"

"Every land has its ain laugh,
  Ilk kind o' corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang
  When ilka wife her man would rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jack, and Hab,
  As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurkling in the ase?
  Ill have a new cloak about me!"

"Gudeman! I wot 'tis thirty years
  Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
  Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
  I wish and pray weel may they be:
And if you'd prove a good husband,
  E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye!"

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife,
  But she would guide me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life
  I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's han'
  Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave off where I began,
  And tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Be it right or wrong, these men among
  On women do complain,
Affirming this, how that it is
  A labour spent in vain
To love them well, for never a deal
  They love a man again.
For let a man do what he can
  Their favour to attain,
Yet if a new do them pursue
  Their first true lover than
Laboureth for nought: for from her thought
  He is a banish'd man.

I say not Nay, but that all day
  It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
  All utterly decay'd;
But ne'ertheless, right good witness
  In this case might be laid,—

That they love true and continue :
  Record the Nut-brown Maid !
Which from her Love, when her to prove
  He came to make his moan,
Would not depart, for in her heart
  She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
  What was all the mattèr
Between them two ! we will also
  Tell all the pain and fear
That she was in. Now I begin :
  See that ye me answer !
Wherefore all ye that present be,
  I pray you give an ear !
I am the knight : I come by night
  As secret as I can,
Saying—" Alas ! thus standeth the case,
  I am a banish'd man ! "

SHE.

And I your will for to fulfil
  In this will not refuse,
Trusting to shew in wordès few
  That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame
  And causeless them accuse.
Therefore to you I answer now,
  All women to excuse :
" Mine own heart dear ! with you what cheer ?
  I pray you tell anon,—
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

" It standeth so : a deed is do
  Whereof much harm shall grow ;

My destiny is for to die
  A shameful death, I trow,
Or else to flee,—the one must be.
  None other way I know
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
  And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu! my own heart true!
  None other rede I can:
For I must to the green wood go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"O Lord! what is this worldès bliss
  That changeth as the moon?
My summer's day in lusty May
  Is dark'd before the noon.
I hear you say Farewell: Nay! nay!
  We dèpart not so soon.
Why say ye so? where will ye go?
  Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfàre to sorrow and care
  Should change if ye were gone:
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"I can believe it shall you grieve
  And somewhat you distrain;
But afterward your painês hard,
  Within a day or twain,
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
  Comfort to you again:
Why should ye not? for to make thought
  Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you to
  As heartily as I can:
For I must to the green wood go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"Now since that ye have show'd to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Since it is so, that ye will go,
I will not leave behind;
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her Love unkind.
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anon:
For in my mind of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say!
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green wood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be call'd an ill woman,
Yet would I to the green wood go
Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name!
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame;
In your distress and heaviness
To part with you, the same.

And sure all tho that do not so
  True lovers are they none :
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"I counsel you, remember how
  It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
  To wood with an outlaw :
For ye must there in your hand bear
  A bow, to bear and draw ;
And as a thief thus must you live
  Ever in dread and awe.
Whereby to you great harm might grow :
  Yet had I liefer than,
That I had to the green wood go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"I think not nay, but as ye say,
  It is no maiden's lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
  As ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot
  To get us meat and store,—
For so that I your company
  May have, I ask no more.
From which to part it maketh my heart
  As cold as any stone :
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"For an outlaw this is the law,—
  That men him take and bind,
Without pity, hanged to be
  And waver with the wind.

If I had need (as God forbid !)
  What rescue could ye find ?
For, sooth I trow, ye and your bow
  Should draw for fear behind.
And no marvèl ! for little avail
  Were in your counsel than ;
Wherefore I to the wood will go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"Full well know ye that women be
  But feeble for to fight :
No womanhood is it indeed
  To be bold as a knight :
Yet in such fear if that ye were,
  'Mong enemies day and night,
I would withstand with bow in hand,
  To grieve them as I might,
And you to save,—as women have
  From death men many one :
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"Yet take good heed ! for ever I dread
  That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
  The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat,—for dry or wet
  We must lodge on the plain,
And us above none other roof
  But a brake bush, or twain :
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
  And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green wood go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"Since I have here been partyner
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure, as reason is :
Yet am I sure of one pleasùre,
And shortly it is this,—
That where ye bé, meseemeth, perdè !
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech I you beseech
That we were soon agone :
For in my mind of all mankind
I love but you alone."

HE.

"If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine
There shall no meat be fore to get,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine ;
No sheetès cléan, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine ;
None other house but leaves and boughs
To cover your head and míne.
Lo ! mine heart sweet ! this evil dièt
Should make you pale and wan :
Wherefore I will to the green wood go
Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"'Mong the wild deer such an archèr
As men say that ye be,
He may not fail of good victuàl
Where is so great plentỳ ;
And water clear of the rivèr
Shall be full sweet to me,
With which in hele I shall full well
Endure, as ye shall see ;

And, ere we go, a bed or two
  I can provide anon :
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"Lo! yet before, ye must do more
  If ye will go with me :
As cut your hair up by the ear,
  Your kirtle by the knee,—
With bow in hand for to withstand
  Your enemies, if need be ;
And this same night before daylight
  To woodward will I flee.
And if ye will all this fulfil,
  Do it shortly as ye can!
Else I will to the green wood go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"I shall as now do more for you
  Than 'longeth to womanhede,—
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
  To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother! before all other
  For you I have most dread ;
But now adieu! I must ensue
  Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye! Now let us flee!
  The day comes fast upon:
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"Nay! nay! not so: ye shall not go!
  And I shall tell you why :
Your appetite is to be light
  Of love, I well espy.

For like as ye have said to me,
  In like wise hardily
Ye would answèr whosoever it were,
  In way of company.
It is said of old—Soon hot, soon cold:
  And so is a womàn.
Wherefore I to the wood will go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"If ye take heed, it is no need
  Such words to say to me,
For oft ye pray'd, and long essay'd,
  Ere I you loved, perdè!
And though that I of ancestry
  A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
  A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall,—
  To-day therefore anon:
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"A baron's child to be beguiled,—
  It were a cursèd deed;
To be fellow with an outlaw,
  Almighty God forbid!
Yet better were the poor squièr
  Alone to forest yede
Than ye should say, another day,
  That by my wicked deed
Ye were betray'd: wherefore, good maid!
  The best rede that I can
Is that I to the green wood go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"Whatsoever befall, I never shall
  Of this thing you upbraid;
But if ye go, and leave me so,
  Then have ye me betray'd.
Remember you well, how that you deal!
  For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
  Your Love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly that I shall die
  Soon after ye be gone,
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"If that ye went, ye should repent:
  For in the forest now
I have purvey'd me of a maid
  Whom I love more than you,—
Another fairèr than ever ye were,
  I dare it well avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
  With other, as I trow.
It were mine ease to live in peace;
  So will I if I can:
Wherefore I to the wood will go
  Alone, a banish'd man."

SHE.

"Though in the wood I understood
  Ye had a paramour,
All this may not remove my thought
  But that I will be your;
And she shall find me soft and kind
  And courteous every hour,
Glad to fulfil all that she will
  Command me, to my power,

For had ye, lo! an hundred mo,
  Yet would I be that one:
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"Mine own dear love! I see the proof
  That ye be kind and true,—
Of maid and wife in all my life
  The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad! be no more sad!
  The case is changèd new:
For it were ruth that for your truth
  You should have cause to rue.
Be not dismay'd! whatsoever I said
  To you when I began,
I will not to the green wood go:
  I am no banish'd man."

SHE.

"These tidings be more glad to me
  Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure:
  But it is often seen
When men will break promise they speak
  The words upon the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile
  And steal from me, I ween;
Then were the case worse than it was,
  And I more woe-begone:
For in my mind of all mankind
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"Ye shall not need further to dread:
  I will not disparàge
You (God defend!), since you descend
  Of so great lineàge.

Now understand! To Westmereland,
 Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring
 By way of marriàge
I will you take, and lady make
 As shortly as I can:
Thus have ye won an earlè's son,
 And not a banish'd man."

Here may ye see that women be
 In love meek, kind, and stable:
Let never man reprove them than
 Or call them variàble!
But rather pray God that we may
 To them be comfortàble:
Which sometime proveth such as he loveth,
 If they be charitàble.
For since men would that women should
 Be meek to them each one,
Much more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but Him alone.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK.

In summer when the shaws be sheen,
 And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
 To hear the fowlès song;

To see the deer draw to the dale
 And leave the hillès hie
And shadow them in the leavès green
 Under the green-wood tree.

It befell on a Whitsuntide,
 Early in a May morning,
The sun up fair gan shine
 And the birds merry gan sing.

"A merry morning," said Little John,—
"By Him that died on tree!
A more merry man than I am one
Lives not in Christentie.

"Pluck up thy heart, my dear master!"
Little John gan say,—
"And think it is a full fair time
In a morning of May!"

"One thing grieves me," said Robin,—
"And does my heart much woe,
That I may not so solemn day
To mass nor matins go.

"It is a fortnight and more," said he,—
"Since I my Saviour see:
To-day will I to Nottingham," said Robin,—
"With the might of mild Mary."

Then spake Much, the miller's son,—
Evermore well him betide!
"Take twelve of thy wight yeomen,
Well-weapon'd, by thy side!"

"Of all my merry men," said Robin,—
"By my faith, I will none have,
But Little John, shall bear my bow
Till that me list [it crave]."

"Thou shalt bear thine own," said Little John,—
"Master! and I'll bear mine;
And we'll shoot a penny," said Little John,—
"Under the green-wood lyne."

"I will not shoot a penny," said Robin Hood,—
"I' faith, Little John! with thee,
But ever for one as thou shoots," said Robin,—
"I' faith, I hold thee three."

Thus shot they forth, these yeomen two,
  Both at buske and brome,
Till Little John won of his master
  Five shillings to hose and shoon.

A ferly strife fell them between
  As they went by the way:
Little John said he had won five shillings,
  And Robin said shortly Nay!

With that Robin Hood lied Little John,
  And smote him with his hand;
Little John waxed wroth therewith,
  And pull'd out his bright brand.

"Wert thou not my master," said Little John,—
  "Thou shouldest be hit full sore;
Get thee a man where thou wilt, Robin!
  For thou gettest me no more."

Then Robin goes to Nottingham,
  Himself mourning alone;
And Little John to merry Sherwood,
  The paths he knows each one.

When Robin came to Nottingham,
  Certainly withouten, alane,
He prayed to God and mild Mary
  To bring him out safe again.

He goes into St. Mary's church,
  Kneel'd down before the rood:
All that ever were the church within
  Beheld well Robin Hood.

Beside him stood a great-headed Monk,—
  I pray God, woe he be!
Full soon he knew good Robin,
  As soon as he him see.

Out at the door he ran
  Full soon and anon;
All the gatès of Nottingham
  He made to be barr'd, each one.

"Rise up!" he said,—"thou proud sheriff!
  Busk thee and make thee boun!
I have spied the Kingès felon;
  Forsooth he is in this town.

"I have spied the false felon
  As he stands at his mass:
It is 'long of thee," said the monk,—
  "An ever he from us pass."

"This traitor's name is Robin Hood:
  Under the green-wood lynde
He robbed me once of a hundred pounds,—
  It shall never out of my mind."

Up then rose this proud sheriff,
  And yade toward him yare;
Many was the mother's son
  To the church with him can fare.

In at the doors they throughly thrust,
  With staves full good each one:
"Alas! alas!" said Robin Hood,—
  "Now miss I Little John."

But Robin took out a two-hand sword
  That hanged down by his knee;
There as the sheriff and his men stood thickest,
  Thitherward would he.

Thrice thorough at them [then] he ran,
  Forsooth as I you say,
And wounded many a mother's son,
  And twelve he slew that day.

His sword upon the sheriff's head
  Certainly he brake in two;
"The smith that thee made," said Robin,—
  "I pray God work him woe!

"For now I am weaponless," said Robin,—
  "Alas! against my will;
But if I may flee these traitors from,
  I wot they will me kill."

. . . .

Robin's men to the church ran
  Throughout, them every one;
Some fell in swooning as they were dead,
  And lay still as any stone:
None of them were in their mind
  But only Little John.

"Let be your dule!" said Little John,—
  "For his love that died on tree!
Ye that should be doughty men,
  It is great shame to see.

"Our master has been hard bested,
  And yet escaped away;
Pluck up your hearts, and leave this moan,
  And hearken what I shall say.

"He has served Our Lady many a day,
  And yet will securely:
Therefore I trust in her specially
  No wicked death shall he die.

"Therefore be glad!" said Little John,—
  "And let this mourning be!
And I shall be the monkès guide
  With the might of mild Mary.

"An I meet him," said Little John,—
"We will go but we two—"

[*Here appears to be something missing: probably the arrangement between Little John and Much for proceedings in aid of Robin.*]

"Look that ye keep well our trysting tree
Under the leavès small,
And spare none of this venison
That goeth in this vale!"

Forth they went, these yeomen two
Little John and Much in fere;
And looked on Much [from] every house
The highway lay full near.

Little John stood at a window in the morning
And look'd forth at a stage:
He was ware where the Monk came riding,
And with him a little page.

"By my faith," said Little John to Much,—
"I can thee tell tidings good;
I see where the Monk comes riding,—
I know him by his wide hood."

They went into the way, these yeomen both,
As courteous men and hend;
They speired tidings at the Monk,
As they had been his friend.

"From whence come ye?" said Little John,—
"Tell us tidings, I you pray,
Of a false outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
Was taken yesterday!

"He robbed me and my fellow both
Of twenty marks certàin;
If that false outlaw be taken,
For sooth we would be fain."

"So did he me," said the Monk,—
"Of a hundred pound and more;
I laid first hand him upon,
Ye may thank me therefore."

"I pray God thank you," said Little John,—
"[As] we will when we may;
We will go with you, with your leave,
And bring you on your way.

"For Robin Hood has many a wild fellow,—
I tell you in certàin;
If they wist ye rode this way,
I' faith ye should be slain."

As they went talking by the way,
The Monk and Little John,
John took the Monk's horse by the head
Full soon and anon.

John took the Monk's horse by the head,
Forsooth as I you say;
So did Much the little page,
For he should not stir away.

By the golett of the hood
John pulled the Monk down,—
John was nothing of him aghast,
He let him fall on his crown.

Little John was sore aggrieved,
And drew out his sword on high;
The Monk saw he should be dead,
Loud mercy gan he cry.

"He was my master," said Little John,—
"That thou hast brought in bale;
Shall thou never come at our King
For to tell him tale."

John smote off the Monk's head,
  No longer would he dwell;
So did Much the little page,
  For fear lest he would tell.

Then they buried them both,
  In neither moss nor ling;
And Little John and Much in fere
  Bare the letters to our King.

["God you save, my liege lord!"]
  He kneel'd down on his knee,—
"God you save, my liege lord!
  Jesus you save and see!

"God you save, my liege King!"
  To speak John was full bold;
He gave him the letters in his hand,—
  The King did it unfold.

The King read the letters anon,
  And said—"So might I the,
There was never yeoman in merry England
  I long'd so sore to see.

"Where is the monk these should have brought?"
  Our King [to them] gan say;
"By my troth," said Little John,—
  "He died after the way."

The King gave Much and Little John
  Twenty pounds certàin;
And made them yeomen of the Crown,
  And bade them go again.

He gave John the seal in hand,
  [To] the sheriff for to bear,
To bring Robin him to
  And no man do him dere.

John took his leave at our King,
  The sooth, as I you say;
The next way to Nottingham
  To take he yede the way.

When John came to Nottingham
  The gates were barr'd, each one;
John called up the porter,
  He answer'd soon anon.

"What is the cause," said Little John,—
  "Thou barrest the gates so fast?"
"Because of Robin Hood," said the porter,—
  "In deep prison is cast.

"John and Much and Will Scathlock,
  Forsooth as I you say,
They slew our men upon our walls,
  And assault us every day."

Little John speired after the sheriff,
  And soon he him found;
He opened the King's privy-seal,
  And gave him in his hand.

When the sheriff saw the King's seal,
  He did off his hood anon;
"Where is the Monk that bare the letters?"
  He said to Little John.

"He is so fain of him," said John,—
  "Forsooth, as I you say,
He has made him abbot of Westminster,
  A lord of that abbèy."

The sheriff made John good cheer,
  And gave him wine of the best;
At night they went to their bed,
  And every man to his rest.

When the sheriff was asleep,
  Drunken of wine and ale,
Little John and Much forsooth
  Took the way unto the jail.

Little John called up the jailor,
  And bade him rise anon;
He said Robin Hood had broken prison,
  And out of it was gone.

The porter rose anon, certain,
  And soon as he heard John call;
Little John was ready with a sword,
  And bare him to the wall.

"Now will I be porter," said Little John,—
  "And take the keys in hand;"
He took the way to Robin Hood,
  And soon he him unbound.

He gave him a good sword in his hand,
  His head with for to keep,
And there as the wall was lowest
  Anon down can they leap.

[By] that the cock began to crow,
  The day began to spring;
The sheriff found the jailor dead,
  The coming bell made he ring.

He made cry throughout all the town,
  Whether he be yeoman or knave
That could bring him Robin Hood,
  His warison he should have.

"For I dare never," said the sheriff,—
  "Come before our King:
For if I do, I wot certain
  Forsooth, he will me hang."

The sheriff made to seek Nottingham
  Both by street and stye,
And Robin was in merry Sherwood,
  As light as leaf on [tree].

Then bespake good Little John,
  To Robin Hood gan he say—
"I have done thee a good turn for an ill,—
  Quite me when thou may!

"I have done thee a good turn," said Little John,—
  "Forsooth as I you say:
I have brought thee under green-wood lyne,—
  Farewell, and have Good-day!"

"Nay! by my troth," said Robin Hood,—
  "So shall it never be!
I make thee master," said Robin Hood,—
  "Of all my men and me."

"Nay! by my troth," said Little John
  "So shall it never be;
But let me be fellow!" said Little John,—
  "None other kepe I'll be."

Thus John gat Robin Hood out of prison,
  Certain withouten, layne;
When his men saw him whole and sound,
  Forsooth they were full fain.

They fill'd [him] wine and made him glad
  Under the leavès small,
And ate pasties of venison,
  That good was with[al].

Then word came to our King,
  How Robin Hood was gone,
And how the sheriff of Nottingham
  Durst never look him upon.

Then bespake our comely King,
In an anger hie,—
"Little John has beguiled the sheriff,
I' faith so has he me.

"Little John has beguiled us both,
And that full well I see,
Or else the sheriff of Nottingham
Hie hanged should he be.

"I made them yeomen of the Crown
And gave them fee with my hand:
I gave them grithe," said our King
"Throughout all merry England.

"I gave them grithe," said our King,—
"I say, so might I the,
Forsooth such a yeoman as he is one
In all England are not three.

"He is true to his master:" said our King,—
"I say, by sweet St. John,
He loves better Robin Hood
Than he does us each one.

"Robin Hood is ever bound to him,
Both in street and stall.
Speak no more of this matter!" said our King,—
"But John has beguiled us all."

Thus ends the talking of the Monk
And Robin Hood I wis:
God, that is ever a crowned King,
Bring us all to his bliss!

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP.

Come, gentlemen all! and listen awhile;
And a story I'll to you unfold:
I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it fell out, on a sun-shiny day,
  When Phœbus was in prime,
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
  In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walk'd the forest along,
  Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud Bishop
  And all his company.

"O what shall I do?" said Robin Hood then,—
  "If the Bishop he doth take me,
No mercy he'll show to me, I know,
  But hanged I shall be."

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,
  And a little house there he did spy;
And to an old wife, for to save his life,
  He loud began for to cry.

"Why, who art thou?" said the old woman,—
  "Come tell to me for good!"
"I am an outlaw, as many do know,
  My name it is Robin Hood.

"And yonder's the Bishop and all his men,
  And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work my spite,
  And hanged I shall be."

"If thou be Robin Hood," said the old wife,—
  "As thou dost seem to be,
I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide
  From the Bishop and his company.

"For I remember, one Saturday night
  Thou brought me both shoes and hose:
Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide
  And keep thee from thy foes."

"Then give me soon thy coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green!
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen!"

And when Robin Hood was so array'd
He went straight to his company;
With his spindle and twine, he oft look'd behind
For the Bishop and his company.

"O who is yonder," quoth Little John,—
"That now comes over the lea?
An arrow I will at her let fly,
So like an old witch looks she."

"O hold thy hand!" said Robin Hood then,—
"And shoot not thy arrows so keen!
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
And quickly it shall be seen."

The Bishop he came to the old woman's house,
And call'd, with furious mood,
"Come, let me soon see and bring unto me
That traitor Robin Hood!"

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple grey;
And for joy that he had got Robin Hood
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forest along,
The Bishop he chanced for to see
A hundred brave bowmen bold
Stand under the green-wood tree.

"O who is yonder," the Bishop then said,—
"That's ranging within yonder wood?"
"Marry!" says the old woman,—"I think it to be
A man call'd Robin Hood."

"Why, who art thou," the Bishop he said,—
"Which I have here with me?"
"Why I am an old woman, thou [silly old] Bishop!
[Look well at me] and see!"

"Then woe is me," the Bishop he said,—
"That ever I saw this day!"
He turn'd him about, but Robin stout
Call'd him and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold of the Bishop's horse,
And tied him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smiled his master upon,
For joy of that company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back
And spread it upon the ground;
And out of the Bishop's portmantle he
Soon told five hundred pound.

"Now let him go!" said Robin Hood;
Said Little John—"That may not be:
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass
Before that he go from me."

Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,
And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God wot,
For him and his yeomanry.

And then they brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey,
And gave him the tail within his hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLAN-A-DALE.

Come listen to me, you gallants so free!
All you that love mirth for to hear!
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
And under a green-wood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood,
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetch'd a sigh,
"Alack, and well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John
And [Much] the miller's son,—
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,-
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon green-wood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously—
"O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings, and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,—
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,—
"Come tell me, without any fail!"
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,—
"My name it is Allan-a-dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,—
"In ready gold or fee
To help thee to thy true Love again
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,—
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true Love?
Come tell me without guile!"
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,—
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor [blin]
Until he came unto the church
Where Allan should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,—
  "I prithee now tell unto me!"
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,—
  "And the best in the North country."

"O welcome! O welcome!" the bishop he said,—
  "That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,—
  "Till the bride and the bridegroom I see"

With that came in the wealthy knight,
  Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass
  Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,—
  "That you do seem to make here:
For since we are come into the church,
  The Bride shall choose her own Dear!"

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
  And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
  Came leaping over the lea.

And when [they] came into the churchyard,
  Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allan-a-dale
  To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true Love," Robin he said,—
  "Young Allan! as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
  Before we depart away."

"That shall not be!" the bishop he said,—
  "For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
  As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pull'd off his bishop's coat,
  And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,—
  "This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the choir,
  The people began to laugh:
He asked them seven times in the church,
  Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John;
  Quoth Robin—"That do I.
And he that takes her from Allan-a-dale
  Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having end of this merry wedding,
  The Bride look'd like a Queen;
And so they return'd to the merry green wood,
  Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE.

I have heard talk of bold Robin Hood,
  And of brave Little John,
Of friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
  Loxley, and Maid Marian:

But such a tale as this before
  I think was never known:
For Robin Hood disguised himself,
  And from the wood is gone.

Like to a friar bold Robin Hood
  Was accoutred in his array:
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,
  He pass'd upon the way.

He had not gone miles two or three,
But it was his chance to spy
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

"Benedicite!" then said Robin Hood,—
"Some pity on me take!
Cross you my hand with a silver groat,
For Our Dear Lady's sake!

"For I have been wandering all this day,
And nothing could I get,—
Not so much as one poor cup of drink
Nor bit of bread to eat."

"Now, by Our Dame," the priests replied,—
"We never a penny have:
For we this morning have been robb'd,
And could no money save."

"I am much afraid," said bold Robin Hood,—
"That you both do tell a lie;
And now before you do go hence
I am resolved to try."

When as the priests heard him say so,
Then they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood betook to his heels
And soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd them down from their horse;
"O spare us, friar!" the priests cried out,—
"On us have some remorse!"

"You said you had no money," quoth he,—
"Wherefore without delay
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for money we will pray."

The priests they could not him gainsay,
  But down they kneel'd with speed;
"Send us! O send us!" then quoth they,—
  "Some money to serve our need!"

The priests did pray with a mournful cheer;
  Sometimes their hands did wring,
Sometimes they wept and cried aloud,—
  Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had been praying an hour's space,
  The priests did still lament;
Then quoth bold Robin—"Now let's see
  What money heaven hath us sent!

"We will be sharers all alike
  Of money that we have;
And there is never an one of us
  That his fellow shall deceive."

The priests their hands in their pockets put,
  But money would find none;
"We'll search ourselves," said Robin Hood,—
  "Each other, one by one."

Then Robin took pains to search them both,
  And he found good store of gold;
Five hundred pieces presently
  Upon the grass was told.

"Here is a brave show," said Robin Hood,—
  "Such store of gold to see;
And you shall each one have a part,
  'Cause you pray'd so heartily."

He gave them fifty pounds a-piece,
  And the rest for himself did keep;
The priests durst not speak one word,
  But they sighed wondrous deep.

With that the priests rose up from their knees,
Thinking to have parted so;
"Nay! stay!" says Robin Hood,—"one thing more
I have to say ere you go.

"You shall be sworn," said bold Robin Hood,—
"Upon this holy grass,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way soever you pass.

"The second oath that you here must take,
That all the days of your lives
You shall never tempt maids to sin,
Nor lie with other men's wives.

"The last oath you shall take, it is this,
Be charitable to the poor:
Say you have met with a holy friar!
And I desire no more."

He set them on their horses again,
And away then they did ride;
And he return'd to the merry green wood,
With great joy, mirth, and pride.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

Will you hear a Spanish Lady
How she woo'd an Englishman?
Garments gay and rich as may be
Deck'd with jewels she had on;
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;

Cupid's bands did tie her faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy;
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury;
Then said that Lady most mild—"Woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"O gallant Captain! take some pity
On a woman in distress!
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness!
Thou hast set this present day my body free:
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

"How shouldst thou, fair Lady! love me
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair speech makes me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
"All the harm I think on thee, most gracious knight!
God grant upon my head the same may light!

"Blessed be the time and season
That you came on Spanish ground!
If our foes ye may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found.
With our city you have won our hearts each one:
Then to your country bear away what is your own!"

"Rest you still, most gallant Lady!
Rest you still, and weep no more!
Of fair lovers there are plenty:
Spain doth yield you wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find:
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard!
You alone enjoy my heart:
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert.
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is press'd:
The wife of every Englishman is counted bless'd."

"It would be a shame, fair Lady!
For to bear a woman hence:
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so;
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case;
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold, that lies unknown."

"On the sea are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful
And force tears from watery eyes."
"Well! in truth, I could endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my love for thee."

"Courteous Lady! leave this folly!
Here comes all that breeds this strife:
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife.
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God lend her!
Of my suit I make an end.

On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affectiòn did first commence.

"Commend me to your gallant lady!
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold!
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee!
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayèr,
Love and all his laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company.
But ere my prayèrs have an end, be sure of this:
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss!

"Thus farewell, most gallant Captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent.
Joy and true prosperity remain with thee!"
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair Lady!"

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.

There was a youth, and a well-belovèd youth,
And he was a squire's son:
He loved a bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she, being coy, would not believe
That he did love her so,
Nor would she any countenance
Unto this young man show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,

They sent him up to fair London,
  An apprentice him to bind.

And now he's gone 'tis seven long years,
  And never his Love could see:
"O many a tear have I shed for her sake,
  When she little thought of me."

One day the maids of Islington
  Went forth to sport and play;
And then the bailiff's daughter dear,
  She secretly stole away.

She pull'd off her pretty gown of pink,
  And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go,
  For her true Love to inquire.

And as she went along the road,
  The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down on a grassy bank,
  And her true Love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
  Catching hold of his bridle rein;
"One penny! one penny, kind Sir!" she said,
  "Would ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart!
  Pray tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind Sir!" said she,—
  "Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweetheart! then tell to me,—
  O tell me whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington!"
  "She is dead, Sir! long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I'll sail away for some far country
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, good youth! O look, dear Love!
She standeth by thy side;
She's here alive, she is not dead,
She's ready to be thy bride!"

"O farewell grief! and welcome joy
Ten thousand times therefore!
For now I have found mine own true Love
Whom I thought I should never see more.'

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candlelighte,
And Christ receive thy saule!

When thou from hence away art pass'd,
Everie night and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last,—
And Christ receive thy saule!

If ever thou gavèst hosen and shoon,
Everie nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on!
And Christ receive thy saule!

If hosen and shoon thou gavèst nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
The whins shall prick thee to the bare bane,-
And Christ receive thy saule!

From Whinny-muir when thou hast pass'd,
  Everie nighte and alle,
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at last,—
  And Christ receive thy saule!

. . . .

From Brigg o' Dread when thou hast pass'd,
  Everie nighte and alle,
To Purgatory Fire thou comest at last,—
  And Christ receive thy saule!

If ever thou gavèst meat or drinke,
  Everie nighte and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,—
  And Christ receive thy saule!

If meat or drinke thou gavèst nane,
  Everie night and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane,—
  And Christ receive thy saule!

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
  Everie nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candlelighte,
  And Christ receive thy saule!

II.

Ballads and Romances.

BY KNOWN AUTHORS.

JOHN GOWER.

1330—1402–8.

THE KING OF HUNGARY.

I findè upon surquedrie
How that whilome of Hungary
By oldè dayès was a King,
Wise and honest in [every] thing.
And so befe'l upon a day,
And that was in the month of May,
As [at that] time it was usànce,
This King with noble purveyànce
Hath for himself his car array'd,
Wherein he wouldè ride amay'd
Out of the city fór to play
With lords and [noble company]
Of lusty folk that weren young:
Where some play'd and some sung,
And some [walk] and some ride,
And some prick their horse aside,
And bridle them, now in, now out.
The King his eye cast about
Till he was at the last aware,
And saw coming against his car

Two pilgrims of so great [an] age
That like unto a drie imàge
[They] weren, pale and fadè-hued;
And as a bush which is besnow'd
Their beardès weren hoar and white:
There was of kindè but a lite
That they [should] not seem fully dead.
They came unto the King, and bade
Some of his good, for charity.
And he, with great humility,
Out of his car to ground [he] leapt,
And them in both his arms he kept
And kissed them, both foot and hand,
Before the lordès of his land;
And gave them of his good thereto.
And when he hath this deedè do,
He goeth into his car agàin.
Then was murmùr, then was disdain,
Then was complaint on every side;
They said [out] of their ownè pride,
Each one to other: "What is this?
Our King hath done this thing amiss,
So to abase his royalty
That every man it mightè see,
And humble him in such a wise
To them that were of none emprise."
Thus was it spoken to and fro
Of them that were with him, although
All privily behind his back;
But to himself [there] no man spake.
The Kingès brother in presènce
Was at that time, and great offence
He took thereof, and was the same
Above all other which most blame
Upon his liège lord hath laid;
And hath unto the lordès said

Anon as he [the] time may find,
There shall nothing be left behind
That he will speak unto the King.
Now list what fell upon this thing!
The weather was merry and fair enough;
Each one with other play'd and laugh,
And fell [they] into [stories] new,
How that the freshè flowers grew,
And how the greenè leavès sprung,
And how that love among the young
Began their heartès then awake,
And every bird hath chose his make;
And thus the May's day to the end
They lead, and home again they wend.
The King was nought so soonè come,
That when he had his chamber nome,
His brother he was ready there
And brought a tale unto his ear
Of that he [had done] such a shame
In hindering of his own name
When he himselfè wouldè dreche,
That to so vile, [so] poor a wretch
Him deigneth show such simpleness
Against the state of his noblesse;
And 'faith, he shall it no more use;
And that he must himself excuse
Toward his lordès every one.
The King stood still as any stone,
And to his tale an ear he laid.
And thought [of it] more than he said.
But ne'ertheless to that he heard
Well courteously the King answer'd,
And told [that] it should be amended.
And thus, when that their tale is ended,
And ready was the board and cloth,
The King unto his supper goeth

Among the lordès to the hall;
And when [that] they had supped all
They took [their] leave and forth they go.
The King bethought [he] himself tho,
How he his brother may chastie
That he through his surquedrie
Took upon hand [so] to dispraise
Humility, which is to praise,
And thereupon gave such counsèl
Toward his King, that was nought heil;
Whereof to be the better lear'd
He thinketh to make him afear'd.
It fell so, that in thilkè dawe
There was ordained by the law
A trumpet with a sternè breath,
Which was clepèd the trump of death.
And in the Court, where the King was,
A certain man this trump of brass
Hath in keeping and thereof serveth,
That when a lord his death deserveth
He shall this dreadful trumpet blow
Before his gate and make [him] know
How that the judgment [has been] given
Of death, which shall nought be forgiven.
The King, when it was night, anon
This man has sent, and bade him gone
To trumpet at his brother's gate;
And he which must so do algate,
Goeth forth and doth the King's behest.
This lord, which heard of this tempest
That he before his gate [so] blew,
Then wist he by the law and knew
That he was [of a surety] dead.
And as of help, he wist no rede
But send [out] for his friendès all
And told them how it is befall.

And they him ask [the reason] why,
But he the [reason] nought forthy
Wist not, and there was sorrow tho.
For it stood thilkè timè so:
This trumpet was of such sentènce
That there against no rèsistànce
They could ordainè by no way
That he might not algatè die
But if so that he may purchàse
To get his liegè lordès grace.
Their wittès thereupon they cast
And been appointed at the last.
This lord a worthy lady had
Unto his wife, which also drad
Her lordès death, and children five
Between them two they had alive,
That weren young and tender of age,
And of stature and of visage
Right fair and lusty ones to see.
Then casten they [that] he and she
Forth with their children on the morrow,
As they that weren full of sorrow,
All naked but of smock and shirt,
To tender with the Kingès heart,
His grace they shoulden go to seche
And pardon of the death beseech.
Thus passen they that woeful night.
And early, when they saw it light,
They've gone them forth in such a wise
As thou to-fore hast heard devise,—
All naked but their shirtès on.
They wept and [they] made much of moan,
Their hair hanging about their ears,
With sobbing and with sorry tears.
This lord goeth then an humble pace
That whilome proud and noble was,

Whereof the city sore a-flight
Of them that sawen thilkè sight.
And ne'ertheless all openly
With such weeping, and with such cry,
Forth with his children and his wife
He goeth to pray for his life.
Unto the Court when they be come
And men therein have hedè nome,
There was no wight if he them see
From water might he keep his eye
For sorrow which they made [them] tho.
The King supposeth of this woe,
And feigneth as he nothing wist;
But ne'ertheless, at his uprist
Men told to him how [that] it fared.
And when that he this wonder heard,
In haste he goeth into the hall,
And all at one [time] down they fall,
If any pity may be found.
The King, which seeth them go to ground,
Hath asked them what is the fear,
Why they be so despoiled there.
His brother said—"Ha, Lord! mercy!
I wot none other [reason] why
But only that this night full late
The trump of death was at my gate,
In token that I shouldè die:
Thus we be come [now] for to pray
That ye my worldès death respite!"
"Ha, fool! how thou art for to write,"
The King unto his brother saith,—
"That thou art of so little faith
That only for a trumpet's sound
Hath gone despoiled through the town,
Thou and thy wife in such mannèr
Forth with thy children that be here

In sight of [every man] about,—
For that, thou sayest, thou art in doubt
Of death which standeth under the law
Of man, and man may it withdraw,
So that it may perchance [to] fail!
Now shalt thou nought therefore marvaile
That I down from my car alight
When I behold to-fore my sight
In them that were of so great age
Mine own death, thorough theïr imàge,
Which God hath set by law of kind,
Whereof I may no [respite] find.
For well I wot, such as they be,
Right such am I in my degree
Of flesh and blood, and so shall die.
And thus, though I that law obey
Of which that Kingès been put under,
It ought be well the less a wonder
Than thou, which art, withouten need,
For law of land in such a dread,—
Which for to account is but a jape,
As thing which thou might overscape.
Wherefore, my brother! after this,
I rede [thee], that since it so is
That thou canst dread a man so sore,
Dread God with all thy heartè more!
For all shall die and all shall pass,
As well a lion as an ass,
As well a beggar as a lord;
Toward [this] death, in one accord
They shoulden stand." And in this wise
The King he with his wordès wise
His brother taught, and all forgave.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

1425?—1480?

THE BLUIDY SARK.

This hinder year I heard be told,
  There was a worthy King:
Dukès, earlès, and barons bold,
  He had at his bidding.
The Lord was anciènt, and old,
  And sixty years could ring;
He had a daughter, fair to fold
  A lusty Lady ying.

Of all fairhead she bore the flower,
  And eke her father's heir,
Of lusty laitis and high honoùr,
  Meek, but and debonair.
She wynnit in a bigly bower,
  On fold was none so fair;
Princes lovèd her par amour,
  In countries everywhere.

There dwelt a little beside the King
  A foul Giant of ane;
Stolen he has the Lady ying,—
  Away with her is gane;
And kept her in his dungeoning,
  Where light she might see nane:
Hunger and cold, and great thirsting,
  She found into her waine.

He was the loathliest on the look
  That on the ground might gang:
His nails was like an hellis-cruik,
  Therewith five quarters lang.
There was nane that he o'ertook,
  In right or yet in wrang,

But all in sunder he them shook :
  The Giant was so strang.

He held the Lady day and night
  Within his deep dungeòn ;
He would nought give of her a sight
  For gold, nor yet ransòm,—
But if the King might get a Knight
  To fight with his persòn,
To fight with him both day and night
  Till one were dinged down.

The King made seek baith far and near,
  Baith by sea and land,
Of any Knight if he might hear
  Would fight with that Gyand.
A worthy Prince, that had no peer,
  Has ta'en the deed in hand,
For the love of the Lady clear ;
  And held full true cunnand.

That Prince came proudly to the town
  Of that Giant to hear ;
And fought with him, his ain persòn,
  And took him prisoner ;
And cast him in his ain dungeòn,
  Alone, withouten fere,
With hunger, cold, and confusiòn,
  As full well worthy were.

Syne brake the bower, had home the bright
  Unto her father [free].
Sae evil wounded was the Knight,
  That he behoved to dee :
Unlusome was his [body] dight,
  His sark was all bluidy :
In all the world was there a wight
  So piteous for to see ?

The Lady mourned and made great moan,
  With all her mickle might:
"I lovèd never Love but one,
  That dolefully now is dight.
God send my life were from me tone
  Ere I had seen your sight,
Or else in begging ever to gone
  Forth with you, courteous Knight!"

He said—"Fair Lady! now must I
  Die, trustly ye me trow:
Take ye my sark, that is bluidỳ,
  And hang it before you!
First think on it, and syne on me,
  When men comes you to woo!"
The Lady said—"By Mary free,
  Thereto I make a vòw."

When that she looked to the sark,
  She thought on the persòn,
And prayed for him with all her heart
  That loosed her of bandoùn,
Where she was wont to sit full merk
  In that deep dungèòn:
And ever while she was in quert,
  That was her a lessòn.

So well the Lady loved the Knight
  That no man would she take.
So should we do our God of might
  That did all for us make,
Which fullèly to death was dight
  For sinful man [his] sake.
So should we do, both day and night
  With prayèrs to him make!

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563?—1631.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
    Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
    Landed King Harry.

And, taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
    In happy hour,
(Skirmishing day by day
With those oppose his way)
Where the French General lay
    With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
    To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
    Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten,
    Be not amazèd!
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won

Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raisèd

"And for myself"—quoth he,—
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me;—
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain:
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,—
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone:
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder;
That, with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,—
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces,—
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather,—
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilboes drew
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms from the shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Into the host did fling,
As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent
His arm with blood besprent;
And many a cruel dent
Bruizèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,

For famous England stood
    With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
    Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
    Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily;
    Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay
    To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
    Such a King Harry?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;

The guests are met, the feast is set :
Mayst hear the merry din."

[But still he holds the wedding-guest :
"There was a ship!" quoth he.
"Nay! if thou hast got a laughsome tale,
Mariner! come with me!"]

He holds him with his skinny hand ;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, greybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :
He can not choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——"
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,

Red as a rose is she:
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he can not choose but hear!
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven by a storm towards the South Pole.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us South along.

"With sloping masts, and dipping prow,—
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,—
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And Southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

"And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken,—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound.

Till a great sea-bird, called the albatross,

"At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;

As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

'It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

'And a good South wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow.
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And, lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moonshine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II.

'The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

'And the good South wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work them woe;
For all averr'd I had kill'd the bird

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner for

That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!'

killing the bird of good-luck.

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
''Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.'

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward even till it reaches the line.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

"The very deep did rot: alas!
That ever this should be;

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root:
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day, what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung."

PART III.

"There pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking Westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird around his neck.

"At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

" A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tack'd and veer'd.

" With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried : A sail! a sail!

At the nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

" With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy,

" See! see! I cried, she tacks no more,
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows; for can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

" The Western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the Western wave,
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

" And straight the sun was fleck'd with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

" Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

'Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun—the spectre woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

'Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks men's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death, and Life-in-Death, have diced for the ship's crew: she, the latter, winneth the ancient Mariner.

"The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

'We listen'd and look'd sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the moon,

'One after one, by the star-dogg'd moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

"Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropt down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead;

"The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it pass'd me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand!

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."
"Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on: and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

"I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away:
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

"I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gush'd,

A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eyes of the dead men.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward, and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them and is their appointed rest and their native country, and their own natural homes which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

"Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burn'd alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm;

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

"The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea."

The spell begins to break.

PART V.

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dream'd that they were fill'd with dew,
And when I woke it rain'd.

By grace of the Holy Mother the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost

I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the elements.

"The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud:
The moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

"They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen these dead men rise.

"The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew;

The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

"For when it dawn'd, they dropt their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

"Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,—
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

"The sun right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean;
But in a minute she gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard, and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one;—'is this the man?
By Him who died on Cross!

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the

With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he—'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

"'But tell me, tell me, speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

"'If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

"'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind!

"'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated;

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance, for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life can endure.

For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The super-natural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never pass'd away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt; once more
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen:

The curse is finally expiated;

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship—
Yet she sail'd softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"O dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

"We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway!

"The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn;
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were,
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
Alas! what saw I there?

And appear in their own forms of light.

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood,
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood!

"This seraph-band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight;
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

"This seraph-band each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O! the silence sunk
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

["Then vanish'd all the lovely lights,
The bodies rose anew;
With silent pace, each to his place,
Came back the ghastly crew.
The wind, that shade nor motion made,
On me alone it blew.]

"The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice;
It is the hermit good;
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood;
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood."

PART VII.

"This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!

The hermit of the wood

He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

"The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk—
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith,' the hermit said,—
'And they answer'd not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd; and see these sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,'
The pilot made reply,—
'I am afear'd.' 'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

"Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd,
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the pilot shriek'd,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
'Ha! ha!' quoth he,—'full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row!'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!
The hermit cross'd his brow:
'Say quick,' quoth he,—'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him, and the penance of life falls on him:

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass like night from land to land:
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

And ever and anon throughout his future life, an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

"O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

"Farewell! farewell! but this I tell,
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

LAODAMIA.

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the Infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughter'd lord have I required.
Celestial pity I again implore:
Restore him to my sight, great Jove! restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endow'd
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows:
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? O joy!
What doth she look on? whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?

His vital presence, his corporeal mould?
It is,—if sense deceive her not! 'Tis he!
And a God leads him, winged Mercury.

Mild Hermes spake, and touch'd her with his wand
That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crown'd thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift!—behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassion'd Queen her lord to clasp;—
Again that consummation she essay'd;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made:
The Phantom parts, but parts to re-unite
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaüs! lo thy guide is gone:
Confirm, I pray the vision with thy voice!
This is our palace, yonder is thy throne:
Speak! and the floor thou treadst on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the Gods bestow'd
This precious boon, and bless'd a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive,—
But in reward of thy fidelity;
And something also did my worth obtain,—
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest the Delphic Oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touch'd the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold.
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leap'd upon the sandy plain,
A self-devoted chief,—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes! bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were depress'd
By doubt, propell'd thee to the fatal shore.
Thou found'st (and I forgive thee—here thou art)
A nobler counselor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enrich'd Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me, no vain shadow this,—
Come, blooming Hero! place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day a second time thy bride!"
Jove frown'd in heaven; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourn'd, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly, Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort! to controul
Rebellious passions! for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul,—
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart! for brief is my sojourn."

"Ah! wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb

Alcestis, a reanimated corse
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful,—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is Love, though oft to agony distress'd,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But, if thou goest, I follow!" "Peace!" he said.
She look'd upon him, and was calm'd and cheer'd:
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled.
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appear'd
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure,—
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty,—more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams,—
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earn'd
That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said he,—
"The end of man's existence I discern'd
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night.

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports, or seated in the tent
Chieftains and kings in council were detain'd,
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchain'd,

"The wish'd-for wind was given:—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, belovèd Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod, these fountains, flowers,
My new-plann'd cities and unfinish'd towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry—
Behold! they tremble: haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?
In soul I swept the indignity away.
Old frailties then recurr'd; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow:
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our bless'd re-union in the Shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized:
Be thy affections raised and solemnized!

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend,—
Seeking a higher object! Love was given,
Encouraged, sanction'd, chiefly for that end.
For this the passion to excess was driven: . .

That Self might be annull'd, her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to Love."

Aloud she shriek'd : for Hermes re-appears.
Round the dear shade she would have clung,—'tis vain :
The hours are pass'd, too brief had they been years ;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly day
He through the portal takes his silent way ;
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perish'd ; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods, whom no weak pity moved,
Was doom'd to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourn'd by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertain'd)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;—
And ever, when such stature they had gain'd
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits wither'd at the sight :
A constant interchange of growth and blight !

JOHN KEATS.

1795—1821.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

St. Agnes' Eve,—Ah ! bitter chill it was :
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass ;

And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Imprison'd in black purgatorial rails,—
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails,
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this agèd man and poor;
But no! already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve.
Another way he went; and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft,—
And so it chanced for many a door was wide
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,

With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away!
And turn sole-thoughted to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how upon St. Agnes' Eve
Young virgins might have visions of delight
And soft adorings from their Loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright:
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties lily-white;
Nor look behind nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired, not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere,—
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along, with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
The hallow'd hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger or in sport,
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn:
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy, all amort
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen,
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss,—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in : let no buzz'd whisper tell!
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel!
For him those chambers hold barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the agèd creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand
To where he stood, hid from the torches' flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland :
He startled her ; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying—" Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place!
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race.

" Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand,—
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land ;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his grey hairs : Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away!" " Ah, Gossip dear!
We're safe enough here ; in this arm-chair sit

And tell me how"——"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child! or else these stones will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd—"Well-a, well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlit room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline!" said he;
"O tell me, Angela! by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah, it is St. Agnes' Eve,—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays
To venture so; it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! St. Agnes' Eve!—
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night,—good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile! I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an agèd crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook;
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose, and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art!

Sweet lady! let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go! go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her: by all saints I swear!"
Quoth Porphyro; "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face!
Good Angela! believe me by these tears,—
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake with horrid shout my foemen's ears,
And beard them though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing bell may ere the morning toll,
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." Thus plaining doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro,—
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him in close secresy
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest!" said the dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be storèd there

Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour-frame
Her own lute wilt thou see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child! with patience; kneel in prayer
The while! Ah, thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead!"

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her,—with agèd eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the agèd gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro! for gazing on that bed:
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide:
No utter'd syllable, or woe betide!
But to her heart her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side,
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries
And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
A shielded 'scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she kneel'd for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together press'd,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly dress'd,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint
She kneel'd so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives. Her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees
In fancy fair St. Agnes in her bed,—
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling, in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away,—
Flown like a thought until the morrow day,
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain,
Clasp'd like a missal where swart paynims pray,—

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumbrous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet crept
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo! how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet;—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone;—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies smoother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retirèd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.

"And now, my Love! my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite.
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake!
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains: 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd—"La belle dame sans mercy,"
Close to her ear touching the melody;
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan;
He ceased; she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep;
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep,
Who kneel'd, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she,—"but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;

And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro!
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
O leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love! I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose,
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet. Meantime the frost-wind blows,
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet.
"This is no dream, my bride! my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat.
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakèst a deceivèd thing,
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick unprunèd wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?
Ah, silver shrine! here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim, saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self,—if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline! to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,

Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed :
Arise ! arise ! the morning is at hand ;
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my Love ! with happy speed ;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake ! arise, my Love ! and fearless be :
For o'er the Southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps with ready spears ;
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door ;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar ;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide like phantoms into the wide hall ;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side ;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns ;
By one and one the bolts full easy slide ;
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones ;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans ;

And they are gone. Ay ! ages long ago,
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the baron dream'd of many a woe ;
And all his warrior guests with shade and form
Of witch and demon and large coffin-worm
Were long benightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform ;
The Beadsman, after thousand Avès told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1775—1864.

THE HAMADRYAD.

Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos, the light of Caria, is discern'd :
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were in-born ;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
Then olive was entwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.
For various men wore various coronals ;
But one was their devotion : 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Arès, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon the sea-king, reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay ! with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hasten'd to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,
And said—"Son Rhaicos ! those are idle games ;
Long enough I have lived to find them so."

And ere he ended sigh'd, as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.
"Suppose thou go and help
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe:
This we may do in winter."
Rhaicos went:
For thence he could see further, and see more
Of those who hurried to the city gate.
Echion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the axe should fall:
He held it upright. "There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld:
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd, and said—"Echion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow, for some God
Speaks from within. Come thyself near!" Again
Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering, like the face beneath.
"What dost thou here?" Echion, half afraid,
Half angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step

Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gasp'd, drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.
"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd;
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

HAMADRYAD.

And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? No vow demands it; no God wills
The oak to bleed.

RHAICOS.

Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that grey robe which clings about thee close
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side.

HAMADRYAD.

Lovèst thou well thy father's house?

RHAICOS.

Indeed
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birth-day since the third,
And all the charms o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,

And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last Spring from Eutychos.

HAMADRYAD.

Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

RHAICOS.

No! 'tis not hard to leave it; 'tis not hard
To leave, O Maiden! that paternal home,
If there be one on earth whom we may love,
First, last, for ever; one who says that she
Will love for ever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough . . .
It shows such kindness . . . if 'twere possible
We at the moment think she would indeed.

HAMADRYAD.

Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?

RHAICOS.

I have seen lovers and have learn'd to love.

HAMADRYAD.

But wilt thou spare the tree?

RHAICOS.

My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.

HAMADRYAD.

Awhile! thy father numbers then my days?

RHAICOS.

Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock
Anywhere near?

HAMADRYAD.

I have no flock : I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty ? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads ?

RHAICOS.

Heard of them I have :
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet ? Art thou not tired ? The herbs
Are very soft ; I will not come too nigh ;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt !
Stay ! stay an instant ! let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it : thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day
Trust me ! till then let me sit opposite.

HAMADRYAD.

I seat me ; be thou seated, and content !

RHAICOS.

O sight for Gods ! Ye men below ! adore
The Aphroditè. Is she there below ?
Or sits she here before me ? as she sat
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

HAMADRYAD.

Reverence the Higher Powers : nor deem amiss
Of her that pleads to thee, and would repay . . .
Ask not how much . . . but very much. Rise not !
No, Rhaicos ! no ! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine ! then take it, not before !

RHAICOS.

Hearken, all Gods above! O Aphroditè!
O Herè! let my vow be ratified.
But wilt thou come into my father's house?

HAMADRYAD.

Nay! and of mine I can not give thee part.

RHAICOS.

Where is it?

HAMADRYAD.

In this oak.

RHAICOS.

Ay, now begins
The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through!

HAMADRYAD.

Pray of thy father never to cut down
My tree: and promise him, as well thou mayst,
That every year he shall receive from me
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
More wax than he will burn to all the Gods.
Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn
May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up, for shame!

RHAICOS.

For shame I can not rise. O pity me!
I dare not sue for love . . but do not hate!
Let me once more behold thee . . not once more,
But many days: let me love on . . unloved!
I aim'd too high: on my own head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

HAMADRYAD.

Go . . rather go, than make me say I love!

RHAICOS.

If happiness is immortality
(And whence enjoy it else the Gods above?)

I am immortal too : my vow is heard :
Hark ! on the left . . Nay, turn not from me now !
I claim my kiss.

HAMADRYAD.

Do men take first, then claim ?
Do thus the seasons run their course with them ?

Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast :
'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood :
But who should hear them ? and whose laugh ? and why ?
Savoury was the smell, and long past noon,
Thallinos ! in thy house : for marjoram,
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
Not hungry but pretending hunger keen,
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
" Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos !" said the father. " That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between :
It ought to run ; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increased by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid
It was religion.

He thus fortified
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abash'd,
" Father ! that oak is Zeus's own ; that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the Gods
And the Gods love . . that one "

(He blush'd, nor said
What one) . .

"Hath promised this, and may do more.
We have not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best: if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn!"
"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,"
Said the glad sire: "but look thou often there,
And gather all the honey thou canst find
In every crevice, over and above
What hath been promised! would they reckon that?"

Rhaicos went daily; and the Nymph as oft,
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She play'd on his: she fed upon his sighs;
They pleased her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out they pleased.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said—
"Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander; there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain, for those who most are loved
Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.
"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law,
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here!"
He spake; and pluck'd it from its pliant stem.
"Impatient Rhaicos! why thus intercept

The answer I would give? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes: I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away! then shall I know my fate,
And (for thou must be wretched) weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn,
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them bless'd,
And season after season: years had pass'd,
Bless'd were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods: one did, alas! She call'd
Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintery blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes:
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there
The draft-board was expanded, at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos; the son
Was puzzled, vex'd, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear; up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)

And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist; and show'd one wing
Half broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.
At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing: but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O Guest!
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

1784—1859.

JAFFÀR.

(Inscribed to the memory of Shelley.)

Shelley! take this to thy dear memory!
To praise the generous is to think of thee.

Jaffàr, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffàr was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and even the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name, on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath:
All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,

And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr.

"Bring me this man!" the Caliph cried. The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms; "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he,—
"From bonds far worse Jaffàr deliver'd me,—
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears,—
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears,
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self,—how can I pay Jaffàr?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deign'd to smile, as one great Lord of Fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said—"Let Worth grow frenzied if it will!
The Caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go! and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took, and holding it
High tow'rd the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaim'd—"This too I owe to thee, Jaffàr!"

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

(LORD MACAULAY.)

1800—1859.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

(By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, sergeant in Ireton's regiment.)

O wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod:
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong
Who sat in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his bible and his sword,
The General rode along us, to form us to the fight,—
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the Tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
For God! for the Cause!—for the Church! for the Laws!—
For Charles King of England and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks,—grasp your pikes! close your ranks!
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! they rush on! we are broken! we are gone!
Our Left is borne before them like stubble on the blast!
O Lord! put forth thy might! O Lord! defend the Right!
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippon hath a wound! the Centre hath given ground!
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see? boys! 'Tis he! thank God, 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute! brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accursed,
And at a shock have scatter'd the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads predestined to rot on Temple-Bar ;
And He—he turns, he flies : shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture and dare not look on war !

Ho, comrades ! scour the plain ! and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure !
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and
lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor !

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold and your hearts were
gay and bold
When you kiss'd your lily hands to your lemans to-day !
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mock'd at Heaven and Hell
and Fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your
spades ?

Down ! down ! forever down with the Mitre and the Crown,
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the Pope !
There is woe in Oxford halls ; there is wail in Durham stalls ;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword ;
And the kings of earth in fear shall tremble when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the
Word !"

THOMAS HOOD.

1799—1845.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
  An evening calm and cool,
And four and twenty happy boys
  Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
  Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
  And souls untouch'd by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
  They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
  Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about
  And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
  As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,—
  A melancholy man.

His hat was off, his vest apart,
  To catch heaven's blessed breeze,—
For a burning thought was in his brow,
  And his bosom ill at ease :
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
  The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
  Nor ever glanced aside,—
For the peace of his soul he read that book
  In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
  And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
  With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
  And fix'd the brazen hasp;
"O God! could I so close my mind,
  And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then, leaping on his feet upright,
  Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
  And past a shady nook;
And lo! he saw a little boy
  That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad! what is't you read?
  Romance, or fairy fable,
Or is it some historic page,
  Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance;
  "It is the Death of Abel."

The Usher took six hasty strides,
  As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
  Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
  And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
  Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen
  And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn;
  And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
  Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay! how the ghostly hand will point
  To show the burial clod;

And unknown facts of guilty acts
  Are seen in dreams from God.

He told how murderers walk'd the earth
  Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes
  And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
  Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he,—"I know for truth
  Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
  Who spill life's sacred stream :
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
  A murder—in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong,
  A feeble man and old,—
I led him to a lonely field ;
  The moon shone clear and cold ;
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
  And I will have his gold.

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
  And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
  And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
  But lifeless flesh and bone.

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone
  That could not do me ill!
And yet I fear'd him all the more
  For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
  That murder could not kill.

"And lo! the universal air
  Seem'd lit with ghastly flame ;

Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
  Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
  And call'd upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
  Such sense within the slain,—
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay
  The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
  Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal,
  My heart as solid ice;
My wretched wretched soul, I knew,
  Was at the Devil's price;
A dozen times I groan'd: the Dead
  Had never groan'd but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
  From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice, the awful voice
  Of the Blood-avenging Sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
  And hide it from my sight!'"

"I took the dreary body up,
  And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
  The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle boy! remember, this
  Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
  And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
  And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
  That evening in the school.

"O heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childhood's prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
Mid holy Cherubim.

"And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red.

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep.

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime:

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave,—
Stronger and stronger, every pulse,
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave.

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye;

And I saw the Dead in the river bed,—
  For the faithless stream was dry.

" Merrily rose the lark, and shook
  The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
  I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
  Under the horrid thing.

" With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
  I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
  Before the school began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
  I hid the murder'd man.

" And all that day I read in school,
  But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the mid-day task was done
  In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
  And still the corse was bare.

" Then down I cast me on my face,
  And first began to weep:
For I knew my secret then was one
  That earth refused to keep,
On land or sea though he should be
  Ten thousand fathoms deep.

" So wills the fierce Avenging Sprite,
  Till blood for blood atones:
Ay! though he's buried in a cave
  And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
  The world shall see his bones!

" O God! that horrid horrid dream
  Besets me now awake!

Again, again, with dizzy brain,
  The human life I take,—
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
  Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
  Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
  It stands before me now!"——
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
  Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
  The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
  Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
  With gyves upon his wrist.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809—

THE SISTERS.

We were two daughters of one race,
She was the fairest in the face,—
    The wind is blowing in turret and tree:
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well:
    O the Earl was fair to see!

She died, she went to burning flame,—
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame;—
    The wind is howling in turret and tree:
Whole weeks, and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait:
    O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast, I bade him come,—
I won his love, I brought him home,—

The wind is roaring in turret and tree :
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head :
O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest,
His ruddy cheek upon my breast,—
The wind is raging in turret and tree :
I hated him with the hate of Hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well :
O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night,
I made my dagger sharp and bright,—
The wind is raving in turret and tree :
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him, through and through :
O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,—
He look'd so grand when he was dead,—
The wind is blowing in turret and tree :
I wrapp'd his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet :
O the Earl was fair to see !

ROBERT BROWNING.

1812—

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he,—
I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all three ;
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we gallop'd abreast.

Not a word to each other, we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chain'd slacker the bit,—
Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moon-set at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren the cocks crew and twilight dawn'd clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlen church steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with—"Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leap'd of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray,

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track,
And one eye's black intelligence, ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance,
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groan'd; and cried Joris—"Stay spur!
Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not in her,—
We'll remember at Aix": for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck and staggering knees
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shudder'd and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laugh'd a pitiless laugh;

'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And—"Gallop!" gasp'd Joris,—"for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan,
Roll'd neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,—
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, lean'd, patted his ear,
Call'd my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapp'd my hands, laugh'd and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galiop'd and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees, on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1807—1882.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children! and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in 'Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch

Of the North-Church tower, as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said Good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war :
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climb'd to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And started the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,

Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper—" All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead,—
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away
Where the river widens to meet the bay,
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamp'd the earth,
And turn'd, and tighten'd his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watch'd, with eager search,
The belfry-tower of the old North-Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers, and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,—
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet :
That was all! and yet, through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;

And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he cross'd the bridge into Medford town:
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he rode into Lexington:
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,
And the meeting-house windows blank and bare
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town:
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown:
And One was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields, to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,—
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere :
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a work that shall echo for evermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1807—

BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college-green,
Rode the Laird of Ury ;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Press'd the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeer'd at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master ;
And the begging carline, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he pass'd her.

Yet with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding ;
And to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
    Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost—"Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
    Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud—
    "Barclay! ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
    Scarr'd and sun-burnt darkly,—

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
    Cried aloud—"God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood
    With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay! I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine!" said Ury's lord,
    "Put it up, I pray thee!
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still
    Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
    Not by me are needed."
Marvel'd much that henchman bold
That his laird, so stout of old,
    Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head

And a look of pity :
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave, and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine!
As we charged on Tilly's line
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend!
Like beginning, like the end!"
Quoth the Laird of Ury :
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer!
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlaw'd, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen
With bared heads, to meet me;—

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Bless'd me as I pass'd her door,
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,

Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter!

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff!
Hard the old friends' falling off!
Hard to learn forgiving!
But the Lord his own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Toward the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen.—

Not in vain, Confessor old!
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial:
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter!

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow :
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow ;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819—

YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying—" Behold One outcast and in dread !
Against whose life the bow of Power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head.
I come to thee for shelter and for food :
To Yussouf, call'd through all our tribes The Good.

' This tent is mine," said Yussouf,—" but no more
Than it is God's : come in, and be at peace !
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertain'd his guest that night ;
And waking him ere day, said—" Here is gold !
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,—
Depart before the prying day grow bold ! "
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bow'd his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing—"O Sheik! I can not leave thee so,—
I will repay thee,—all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold!" said Yussouf,—"for with thee
Into the Desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born! for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees:
Thou art avenged, my First-born! sleep in peace!"

ROBERT TRAIL SPENCE LOWELL.

1816—

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

O that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's mines had crept slowly in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all work'd on:
It was one day more of smoke and roar,—
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,—
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,—
"O please then waken me!"

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden;—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening;
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke.

"The Highlanders! O dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa',—
The McGregors'? Ah! I ken it weel:
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonnie Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started, for they were there to die:
Was life so near them then?

They listen'd, for life; and the rattling fire
Far-off and the far-off roar
Were all;—and the colonel shook his head,
And they turn'd to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said—" That slogan's done ;
  But can ye no hear them noo,—
'The Campbells are comin' ?' It's no a dream ;
  Our succours hae broken through ! "

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
  But the pipes we could not hear ;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
  And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
  A shrilling ceaseless sound :
It was no noise of the strife afar,
  Or the sappers underground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders !
  And now they play'd " Auld Lang Syne " :
It came to our men like the voice of God ;
  And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
  And the women sobb'd in a crowd ;
And every one kneel'd down where we stood,
  And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them,
  Our men put Jessie first ;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
  From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd,
  Marching round and round our line ;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
  For the pipes play'd " Auld Lang Syne."

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

1833—

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY.

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of might.
There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-strife grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the night.
And old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning, to find his house burn'd down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle, and boldly fought for freedom;
Smote from border unto border the fierce invading band;
And he and his brave boys vow'd (so might heaven help and speed 'em!)
They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land.
And old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said—"Boys! the Lord will aid us:" and he shoved his ramrod down.

And the Lord did aid these men, and they labour'd day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives seem'd charm'd,
Till the ruffians kill'd one son, in the blessed light of heaven,—
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journey'd all unarm'd.

Then old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frown'd a terrible frown.

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the heat of battle,
But in peace, behind his ploughshare; and they loaded him with chains;
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their cattle,
Drove him cruelly, for their sport; and at last blew out his brains.
Then old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to heaven, calling heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening Evil that had scathed and torn him so;
He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day and night; he
Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for blow,
That old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town.

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye grew wilder,
And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle from afar;
And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife wax'd milder,
Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War.
And old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckon'd by his fearful glare and
frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind
him;
Slipp'd off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born;
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to
find him;
Or whether he'd turn'd parson, or was jacketed and shorn.
For old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels, and
such trifles;
But quietly to his rancho there came by every train
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's
rifles;
And eighteen other madmen join'd their leader there again.
Says old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown—
"Boys! we've got an army large enough to march and take
the town!

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes, and
then arm them;
Carry the county, and the State, ay! and all the potent
South!
On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to
harm them,
These Virginians who believed not nor would heed the warn-
ing mouth!"
Says old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown—
"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John
Brown!"

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday,
"This good work," declared the captain,—"shall be on a holy night!"—
It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of Monday,
With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates (black and white),
Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
March'd across the bridged Potomac, and knock'd the sentry down;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets and the cannon;
Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one;
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on;
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.
Mad old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he;
It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup d'état*.
"Cut the wires! stop the rail-cars! hold the streets and bridges!" said he;
Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star,—
This old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown;
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding, and railroading, and expressing here and thither;
And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown Volunteers
And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hasten'd whither
Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers.
General Brown!
Osawatomie Brown!
Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from old Brown's durance,
And the effervescent valour of the Chivalry broke out,
When they learn'd that nineteen madmen had the marvellous assurance—
Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them straight about.
And old Brown
Osawatomie Brown,
Found an army come to take him, encamp'd around the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mention'd, was too risky;
So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government Marines,
Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with Bourbon whiskey,
Till they batter'd down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines;
And old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the Old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!
In they rush'd and kill'd the game, shooting lustily away;
And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late
for slaying,
Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in the clay.
And old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid
him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels, how they hasten'd
on the trial,—
How old Brown was placed half-dying on the Charlestown
court-house floor,—
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial,—
What the brave old madman told them,—these are known
the country o'er!
"Hang old Brown!
Osawatomie Brown!"
Said the judge,—"and all such rebels!" with his most
judicial frown.

But, Virginians! don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
Fill'd with blood of old Brown's offspring, was first pour'd
by Southern hands;
And each drop from old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore
of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury hissing through your slave-
worn lands!
And old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever when you've nail'd his coffin
down!

1859.

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

1837—1867.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

(*January* 1, 1863.)

The carrier can not sing to-day the ballads
  With which he used to go,
Rhyming the glad rounds of the happy New Years
  That are now beneath the snow :

For the same awful and portentous Shadow,
  That overcast the earth
And smote the land last year with desolation,
  Still darkens every hearth.

And the carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-march
  Come up from every mart ;
And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
  And beating in his heart.

And to-day, a scarr'd and weather-beaten veteran,
  Again he comes along,
To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles
  In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story :
  For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant-Surgeon Austin
  By a soldier of Shiloh,—

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the "Adams,"
  With his death-wound in his side ;
And who told the story to the Assistant-Surgeon
  On the same night that he died.

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
  If all should deem it right,
To tell the story as if what it speaks of
  Had happen'd but last night.

"Come a little nearer, Doctor! thank you! let me take the cup!
Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another little sup!
May-be you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up,—
Doctor! you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up.

"Feel my pulse, sir! if you want to, but it ain't much use to try"——
"Never say that!" said the surgeon, as he smother'd down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade! for a soldier to say die!"
"What you say will make no difference, Doctor! when you come to die.

"Doctor! what has been the matter?"—"You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now."—"Doctor! have I been away?"—
"Not that any body knows of."—"Doctor—Doctor! please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay.

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;
Doctor! did you say I fainted? but it couldn't have been so,—
For, as sure as I'm a sergeant and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh.

"This is all that I remember. The last time the lighter came,

And the lights had all been lower'd, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something call'd my name,—
'ORDERLY SERGEANT, ROBERT BURTON!' just that way it call'd my name.

"And I wonder'd who could call me so distinctly and so slow,—
Knew it couldn't be the lighter,—he could not have spoken so;
And I tried to answer—'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go,—
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go.

"Then I thought—It's all a nightmare, all a humbug, and a bore,
Just another foolish *grape-vine*, and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir! notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT, ROBERT BURTON!' even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all Hell was opposite.

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from some celestial Tower,
And the same mysterious Voice said—'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERLY SERGEANT, ROBERT BURTON! IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin! what day is this?"—"It is Wednesday night, you know."—
"Yes! to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
What time is it? Doctor Austin!"—"Nearly twelve."—"Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happen'd—all this—not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats open'd on the dark rebellious host,
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost;
And the same old transport came and took me over,—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide:
There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died,—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace show'd them he was of the canny kin;
There was where old Nelson thunder'd, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent them to breakfast, and we all began to win,—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;

And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead,
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence! death and silence all around me as I sped!
And behold! a mighty Tower, as if builded to the Dead,
To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seem'd waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based, it tower'd, up into the Infinite,—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright,
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight.

"And behold! as I approach'd it, with a rapt and dazzled stare,—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great Stair,—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke, of—'Halt! and who goes there?'
'I'm a friend,' I said,—'if you are.'—'Then advance, sir! to the Stair!'

"I advanced (that sentry, Doctor! was Elijah Ballantyne,—
First of all to fall on Monday after we had form'd the line);
'Welcome, my old Sergeant! welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine.

"As he grasp'd my hand, I shudder'd, thinking only of the grave,—
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;
'That's the way, sir! to Head-quarters.' What Head-quarters? 'Of the Brave.'
But the great Tower? 'That,' he answer'd,—'is the way, sir! of the Brave.'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light,
At my own so old and tatter'd and at his so new and bright;
'Ah!' said he,—'you have forgotten the New Uniform to-night:
Hurry back! for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'——

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting there, and I——
Doctor! did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all! Good-bye!
Doctor! please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my Son—my Son that's coming,—he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father bless'd him as he never did before,—
And to carry that old musket"——(Hark! a knock is at the door!)
"Till the Union"——(See it opens!) "Father! Father! speak once more!"—
"Bless you!" gasp'd the old grey Sergeant; and he lay, and said no more.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

1823—

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"O whither sail you? Sir John Franklin!"
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
"To know if between the land and the Pole
I may find a broad sea-way."

"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin!
As you would live and thrive:
For between the land and the frozen Pole
No man may sail alive!"

But lightly laugh'd the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
"Half England is wrong if he is right,—
Bear off to Westward then!"

"O whither sail you? brave Englishman!"
Cried the little Esquimaux.
"Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go."

"Come down, if you would journey there!"
The little Indian said,—
"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled!"

But lightly laugh'd the stout Sir John,
And the crew laugh'd with him too;
"A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween were something new!"

All through the long, long polar day
The vessels Westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled.

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
  And with many a surly roar,
But it murmur'd and threaten'd on every side;
  And closed where he sail'd before.

"Ho! see ye not, my merry men!
  The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said!
Think of the little Indian's sled!"
  The crew laugh'd out in glee.

"Sir John! Sir John! it is bitter cold,
  The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the North,
  The very sunbeams freeze."

"Bright summer goes, dark winter comes,—
  We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down
  On yonder sea we'll steer!"

The dripping icebergs dipp'd and rose,
  And flounder'd down the gale;
The ships were stay'd, the yards were mann'd,
  And furl'd the useless sail.

"The summer's gone, the winter's come,
  We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not? Sir John Franklin!"
  A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes,—
  We can not rule the year:
I ween we can not rule the ways,
  Sir John! wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
  And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dash'd no more;

'Twas ice around, behind, before :
  My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
  What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
  To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun;
  The Northern Light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
  And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
  And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
  Sank down beside his spade.

"Sir John! the night is black and long,
  The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard green ice is strong as death :
  I prithee, Captain! speak."

"The night is neither bright nor short,
  The singing breeze is cold;
The ice is not so strong as hope,
  The heart of man is bold."

"What hope can scale this icy wall,
  High o'er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
  Look down on us and laugh."

"The summer went, the winter came,—
  We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
  Whereon our ships shall steer!"

The winter went; the summer went;
The winter came around:
But the hard green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

"Hark! heard ye not the noise of guns?
And there, and there, again?"
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar
As he turns in the frozen main.

"Hurrah! hurrah! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal.
God give them grace for their charity!"
Ye pray for the silly seal!

"Sir John! where are the English fields?
And where are the English trees?
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still! be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain!"

"O when shall I see my orphan child?"
"My Mary waits for me!"
"O when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still! be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again!"
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek:
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,—
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"O, think you, good Sir John Franklin!
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

"'Twas cruel, Sir John! to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come."

"O, whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done:
The truth is founded, the secret won,—
We pass'd the Northern Sea!"

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

1825---

THE PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

"I hear, Relempago! that you
Were once a famous fisherman,
Who at Negros, or Palawan,
Or may be it was at Zèbou,
Found something precious in the sand,
A nugget wash'd there by the rain,
That slipp'd from your too eager hand
And soon as found was lost again.
If it had been a pearl instead
(Why does your good wife shake her head?)
I could the story understand:
For I have known so many lost,
And once too often to my cost.'
I trade in pearls; I buy and sell.
They say I know their value well.

I have seen some large ones in my day,
Have heard of larger,—who shall say
How large these unseen pearls have been ?
I don't believe in things unseen.
I hear there's one now at Zèbou
That dwarfs a bird's egg, and outshines
The full moon in its purity.
What say you ? is the story true ?
And what's the pearl call'd ? Let me see!
The Pearl of all the Philippines."

'Twas at Manilla, and the three
Sat in a shaded gallery
That look'd upon the river, where
All sorts of sailing boats all day
Went skimming round, like gulls at play,
And made a busy picture there.
The speaker was—what no man knew,
Except a merchant ; Jew with Jew,
A Turk with Turks, Parsee, Hindoo,
But still to one religion true,
And that was Trade ; a pleasant guest,
Who knowing many things knew best
What governs men, for he was one
Whom many trusted, trusting none.
His host, Relempago, who heard
His questions with an inward shock,
Look'd up, but answer'd not a word.
He was a native Tagaloc,
A man that was not past his prime,
And yet was old before his time.
His face was sad, his hair was grey,
His eyes on something far away.
His wife was younger, and less sad ;
A Spanish woman, she was clad
As are the Tagal women ; fair,
With all her dark abundant hair,

That was a wonder to behold,
Drawn from her face with pins of gold.

"You have not seen it, I perceive,"
Said the pearl-merchant,—"nor have I.
I'd have to see it to believe,
And then would rather have you by.
There's no such pearl." "You spoke of me!"
After a pause his host began:—

"Yes! I was once a fisherman,
And loved, though now I hate, the sea.
'Twas twenty, thirty years ago,
And this good lady by my side
Had not been many moons a bride
Of poor but proud Relempago.
That I was poor she did not care;
She let me love her, loved again.
She comes of the best blood of Spain;
There is no better anywhere.
You see what I am. As I said,
I cast my bread upon the sea,
Or from the sea I drew my bread,
What matter, so it came to me?
We loved, were young, our wants were few:
The happiest pair in all Zèbou!
At last a child, and what before
Seem'd happiness was more and more
The thing it seem'd, the dream come true.
You smile: I see you never knew
A father's pleasure in a child."—
"Pardon! my friend! I never smiled;
I am a father. I have three
Sweet troubles that are dear to me."—
"But ours was not a trouble,—no!"
Said simple, good Relempago.
"It was the sweetest, dearest child!

So beautiful, so gay, so wild,
And yet so sensitive and shy,
And given to sudden, strange alarms :
I've seen it in its mother's arms,
Bubbling with laughter, stop and sigh.
It was like neither in the face,
For we are dark, and that was fair ;
An infant of another race,
That, born not in their dwelling-place,
Left some poor woman childless there !
A bird that to our nest had flown,
A pearl that in our shell had grown,
We cherish'd it with double care.
It came to us as, legend says
(I know not if the tale be true),
Another child in other days
Came hither to depart no more,
Found one bright morning on the shore,
The Infant Jesus of Zèbou."—
So you too had," the merchant said,
With just a touch of quiet scorn,—
What shall I say—a Krishna born ?
But with no halo round its head.
What did you name the boy ? "—" A girl,
Not boy, and therefore dearer, sweeter :
We call'd the infant Margarita,
For was she not our precious Pearl ?
You, who have children, as you say,
Can guess how much we loved the child,
Watching her growth from day to day,
Grave if she wept, but if she smiled
Delighted with her. We were told
That we grew young as she grew old.
I used to make long voyages
Before she came, in distant seas,
But now I never left Zèbou,
For there the great pearl-oysters grew

(And still may grow for aught I know—
I speak of thirty years ago).
Though waves were rough and winds were high,
And fathoms down the sea was dark,
And there was danger from the shark,
I shrank from nothing then, for I
Was young and bold and full of life,
And had at home a loving wife,
A darling child, who ran to me,
Stretching her arms out when I came,
And kiss'd my cheek, and lisp'd my name,
And sat for hours upon my knee.
What happier sight was there to see?
What happier life was there to be?
I lived, my little Pearl! in thee.
O, mother! why did I begin?"
He stopp'd, and closed his eyes with pain,
Either to keep his tears therein,
Or bring that vision back again.
"You tell him!"
"Sir!" the lady said,—
"My husband bids me tell the tale.
One day the child began to ail;
Its little cheek was first too red,
And then it was too deathly pale.
It burn'd with fever; inward flame
Consumed it, which no wind could cool;
We bathed it in a mountain pool,
And it was burning all the same.
The next day it was cold, so cold
No fire could warm it. So it lay,
Not crying much, too weak to play,
And looking all the while so old.
So fond too of its father,—he,
Good man, was more to it than I;
The moment his light step drew nigh,
It would no longer stay with me.

I said to him—'The child will die!'
But he declared it should not be."
"'Tis true!" Relempago replied:
"I felt, if Margarita died,
My heart was broken. And I said—
'She shall not die till I have tried
Once more to save her!' What to do?
Then something put into my head
The Infant Jesus of Zèbou.
'I'll go to him: the Child Divine
Will save this only child of mine.
I will present him with a pearl,
And he will spare my little girl,—
The largest pearl that I can find,
The one that shall delight his mind.
The purest, best, I give to you,
O Infant Jesus of Zèbou!'
'Twas morning when I made the vow,
And well do I remember now
...t my heart was when I ran
Down to the sea, a happy man!
All that I pass'd along the way,
The woods around me, and above
The plaintive cooing of the dove,
The rustling of the hidden snake,
And wild ducks swimming in the lake,
The hideous lizards large as men,—
Nothing, I think, escaped me then,
And nothing will escape to-day.
I reach'd the shore, untied my boat,
Sprang in, and was again afloat
Upon the wild and angry sea,
That must give up its pearls to me,
Its pearl of pearls! But where to go?
West of the island of Bojo,
Some six miles off, there was a view
Of the cathedral of Zèbou,

Beneath whose dome the Child Divine
Was waiting for that pearl of mine.
Thither I went, and anchor'd ; there
Dived fathoms down, found rocks and sands,
But no pearl-oysters anywhere,
And so came up with empty hands.
Twice, thrice, and—nothing ! 'Cruel sea !
Where hast thou hid thy pearls from me ?
But I will have them, nor depart
Until I have them, for my heart
Would break, and my dear child would die.
She shall not die ! What was that cry ?
Only the eagle's scream on high.
Fear not, Relempago !' Once more
Down, down, along the rocks and sands
I groped in darkness, tore my hands,
And rose with nothing, as before.
'O Infant Jesus of Zèbou !
I promised a great pearl to you :
Help me to find it !' Down again !
It seem'd for ever, whirl'd and whirl'd,
The deep foundations of the world
Engulf'd me and my mortal pain ;
But not for ever, for the sea
That swallow'd would not harbour me.
I rose again, I saw the sun,
I felt my dreadful task was done.
My desperate hands had wrench'd away
A great pearl-oyster from its bed
And brought it to the light of day,
Its ragged shell was dripping red,—
They bled so then. But all was well,
For in the hollow of that shell
The pearl, pear-shaped and perfect, lay.
My child was saved ! No need to tell
How I rejoiced, and how I flew
To the cathedral of Zèbou

For there the Infant Jesus stands,
And holds my pearl upon his hands."

He ended. The pearl-merchant said—
"You found your daughter better?"—"No!"
The wife of poor Relempago
Replied: "He found his daughter dead."—
"'Twas fate!" he answer'd.—"No!" said she,—
"'Twas God! He gave the child to me;
He took the child: and He knew best.
He reach'd and took it from my breast;
And in His hand to-day it shines,
The Pearl of all the Philippines."

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

1814—1845.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles,
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles;
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach, the children cease their play,
The gossips leave the little inn, the households kneel to pray;
And full of love and peace and rest, its daily labour o'er,
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound except that throbbing wave in earth or sea or air!
The massive capes and ruin'd towers seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.

So still the night, those two long barques round Dunashead
that glide
Must trust their oars, methinks not few, against the ebbing
tide.
O, some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the
shore!
They bring some lover to his bride who sighs in Baltimore.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street;
And these must be the lover's friends with gently gliding
feet;—
A stifled gasp, a dreamy noise! "The roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds and to their doors rush maid and sire and
dame,
And meet upon the threshold stone the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson
shawl.
The yell of "Allah!" breaks above the prayer and shriek and
roar:
O blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore.

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing
sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was
gored;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutch-
ing wild;
Then fled the maiden, moaning faint, and nestled with the
child.
But see! yon pirate strangled lies, and crush'd with splashing
heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps the Syrian
steel:
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their
store,
There's one hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore.

Midsummer morn in woodland nigh the birds began to sing,—
They see not now the milking maids,—deserted is the spring;
Midsummer day this gallant rides from distant Bandon's
 town,
These hookers cross from stormy Skull, this skiff from Affa-
 down;
They only found the smoking walls with neighbours' blood be-
 sprent;
And on the strew'd and trampled beach awhile they wildly
 went,
Then dash'd to sea and pass'd Cape Clear and saw, five
 leagues before,
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

O, some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the
 steed;
This boy shall bear a Sheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jer-
 reed;
O, some are for the arsenals by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells!
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey:
She's safe,—she's dead; she stabb'd him in the midst of his
 Serai!
And when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled, O'Driscoll's child, she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody
 band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where high upon a gallows-tree a yelling wretch is seen:
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan, he who steer'd the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many hundred there.
Some mutter'd of McMurchadt, who brought the Norman o'er;
Some cursed him with Iscariot that day in Baltimore.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

1810—

THE HEALING OF CONALL CARNACH.

O'er Slieve Few, with noiseless tramping through the heavy drifted snow,
Beàlcu, Connacia's champion, in his chariot tracks the foe;
And anon far off discerneth, in the mountain hollow white,
Slinger Keth and Conall Carnach mingling hand to hand in fight.

Swift the charioteer his coursers urged across the wintry glade;
Hoarse the cry of Keth and hoarser seem'd to come, demanding aid;
But through wreath and swollen runnel ere the car could reach anigh,
Keth lay dead, and mighty Conall, bleeding, lay at point to die.

Whom beholding spent and pallid, Beàlcu exulting cried—
"O thou ravening wolf of Uladh! where is now thy Northern pride?
What can now that crest audacious, what that pale defiant brow,
Once the bale star of Connacia's ravaged fields, avail thee now?"

"Taunts are for reviling women:" faintly Conall made reply;
"Wouldst thou play the manlier foeman, end my pain, and let me die!
Neither deem thy blade dishonour'd that with Keth's a deed it share,
For the foremost two of Connaught feat enough, and fame to spare!"

'No! I will not: bard shall never in Dunseverick hall make boast

That to quell one Northern reiver needed two of Croghan's
host;
But because that word thou hast spoken, if but life enough
remains,
Thou shalt hear the wives of Croghan clap their hand above
thy chains.

"Yea! if life enough but linger that the leech may make thee
whole,
Meet to satiate the anger that beseems a warrior's soul,
Best of leech-craft I'll purvey thee, make thee whole as
healing can,
And in single combat slay thee, Connaught man to Ullster
man."

Binding him in five-fold fetter, wrists and ankles, wrists and
neck,
To his car's uneasy litter Beàlcu upheaved the wreck
Of the broken man and harness; but he started with amaze
When he felt the Northern war-mace, what a weight it was
to raise.

Westward then through Breffny's borders, with his captive
and his dead,
Track'd by bands of fierce applauders, wives and shrieking
widows, sped;
And, the chain'd heroic carcase on the fair green of Moy
Slaught
Casting down, proclaim'd his purpose, and bade Lee, the
leech, be brought.

Lee, the gentle-faced physician, from his herb-plot came,
and said:
"Healing is with God's permission, health for life's enjoyment
made;
And, though I mine aid refuse not, yet, to speak my purpose
plain,
I the healing art abuse not, making life inure to pain.

"But assure me with the sanction of the mightiest oath ye know,
That, in case in this contention Conall overcome his foe,
Straight departing from the tourney by what path the chief shall choose,
He is free to take his journey unmolested to the Fews.

"Swear me farther, while at healing in my charge the hero lies,
None shall, through my fences stealing, work him mischief or surprise!
So, if God the undertaking but approve, in six months' span
Once again my art shall make him meet to stand before a man."

Crom, their God, they then attested, Sun and Wind for guarantees,
Conall Carnach unmolested, by what exit he might please,
If the victor, should have freedom to depart Connacia's bounds;
Meantime no man should intrude him, entering on the hospice grounds.

Then, his burthen huge receiving in the hospice portal, Lee,
Stiffen'd limb by limb relieving with the iron fetter-key,
As a crumpled scroll unroll'd him, groaning deep, till, laid at length,
Wondering gazers might behold him, what a tower he was of strength.

Spake the sons to one another, day by day, of Beàlcu—
"Get thee up and spy, my brother! what the leech and Northman do!"
"Lee at mixing of a potion; Conall yet in no wise dead,
As on reef of rock the ocean, tosses wildly on his bed."

"Spy again with cautious peeping! what of Lee and Conall now?"
"Conall lies profoundly sleeping; Lee beside with placid brow."

"And to-day?" "To-day he's risen; pallid as his swathing sheet,
He has left his chamber's prison, and is walking on his feet."

"And to-day?" "A ghastly figure, on his javelin propp'd he goes."
"And to-day?" "A languid vigour through his larger gesture shows."
"And to-day?" "The blood renewing mantles all his clear cheek through.
Would thy vow had room for ruing, rashly valiant Beàlcu!"

So with herb and healing balsam, ere the second month was past,
Life's additions smooth and wholesome circling through his members vast,
As you have seen a sere oak burgeon under summer showers and dew,
Conall, under his chirurgeon, fill'd and flourish'd, spread and grew.

"I can bear the sight no longer; I have watch'd him moon by moon;
Day by day the chief grows stronger,—giant strong he will be soon.
O my sire! rash-valiant warrior! but that oaths have built the wall,
Soon these feet should leap the barrier; soon this hand thy fate forestall!"

"Brother! have the wish thou hast utter'd! we have sworn, so let it be!
But, although the feet are fetter'd, all the air is left us free:
Dying Keth with vengeful presage did bequeath thee sling and ball;
And the sling may send its message where thy vagrant glances fall.

"Forbaid was a master slinger; Maev, when in her bath she sank,
Felt the presence of his finger from the farther Shannon bank:
For he threw by line and measure practising a constant cast,
Daily in secluded leisure till he reach'd the mark at last.

"Keth achieved a warrior's honour, though 'twas 'mid a woman's band,
When he smote the amorous Connor bowing from his distant stand.
Fit occasion will not fail ye; in the leech's lawn below
Conall at the fountain daily drinks within an easy throw."

"Wherefore cast ye at the apple, sons of mine! with measured aim?"
"He who in the close would grapple first the distant foe should maim;
And since Keth, his death-balls casting, rides no more the ridge of war,
We, against our summer hosting, train us for his vacant car."

"Wherefore to the rock repairing gaze ye forth, my children! tell!"
"'Tis a stag we watch for snaring that frequents the leech's well."
"I will see this stag, though truly small may be my eyes' delight;"
And he climb'd the rock where fully lay the lawn exposed to sight.

Conall to the green well-margin came at dawn and kneel'd to drink,
Thinking how a noble virgin by a like green fountain's brink
Heard his own pure vows one morning far away and long ago;
All his heart to home was turning, and his tears began to flow.

Clean forgetful of his prison, steep Dunseverick's windy tower

Seem'd to rise in present vision, and his own dear lady's
bower:
Round the sheltering knees they gather, little ones of tender
years,—
"Tell us, mother! of our father!"—and she answers but with
tears.

Twice the big drops plash'd the fountain. Then he rose, and
turning round,
As across a breast of mountain sweeps a whirlwind, o'er the
ground
Raced in athlete feats amazing, swung the war-mace, hurl'd
the spear;
Beàlcu, in wonder gazing felt the pangs of deadly fear.

Had it been a fabled griffin, suppled in a fasting den,
Flash'd its wheeling coils to heaven o'er a wreck of beasts
and men,
Hardly had the dreadful prospect bred his soul more dire
alarms:
Such the fire of Conall's aspect, such the stridor of his arms.

"This is fear," he said,—"that never shook these limbs of
mine till now:
Now I see the mad endeavour, now I mourn the boastful vow.
Yet 'twas righteous wrath impell'd me, and a sense of manly
shame
From his naked throat withheld me, when 'twas offer'd to
my aim.

"Now I see his strength excelling, whence he buys it, what he
pays;
'Tis a God, who has his dwelling in the fount, to whom he
prays;
Thither came he weeping, drooping, till the Well-God heard
his prayer;
Now behold him soaring, swooping, as an eagle through the
air!

"O thou God! by whatsoever sounds of awe thy name we know,
Grant thy servant equal favour with the stranger and the foe!
Equal grace! 'tis all I covet; and if sacrificial blood
Win thy favour, thou shalt have it on thy very well-brink, God!

"What and though I have given pledges not to cross the leech's court?
Not to pass his sheltering hedges mean'd I to his patient's hurt.
Thy dishonour mean'd I never; never mean'd I to forswear
Right divine of prayer wherever Power Divine invites to prayer.

"Sun that warm'st me! Wind that fann'st me! ye that guarantee the oath
Make no sign of wrath against me; tenderly ye touch me both.
Yea, then, through his fences stealing, ere to-morrow's sun shall rise,
Well-God! on thy margin kneeling, I will offer sacrifice!"

"Brother! rise! the skies grow ruddy; if we yet would save our sire,
Rests a deed, courageous, bloody, wondering ages shall admire.
Hie thee to the spy-rock's summit! ready there thou'lt find the sling,
Ready there the leaden plummet; and at dawn he seeks the spring."

Ruddy dawn had changed to amber; radiant as the yellow day,
Conall, issuing from his chamber, to the fountain took his way;
There athwart the welling water, like a fallen pillar spread,
Smitten by the bolt of slaughter, lay Connacia's champion, dead.

Call the hosts! convene the judges! cite the dead man's children both!

Said the judges—"He gave pledges, Sun and Wind, and
broke the oath,
And they slew him. So we have written. Let his sons
attend our words!"
'Both, by sudden frenzy smitten, fell at sunrise on their
swords."

Then the judges—"Ye, who punish man's prevaricating vow,
Needs not farther to admonish, contrite to your will we bow,
All our points of promise keeping: safely let the chief go
forth!"
Conall, to his chariot leaping, turn'd his coursers to the
North:

In the Sun that swept the valleys, in the Wind's encircling
flight,
Recognizing holy allies, guardians of the Truth and Right;
While before his face, resplendent with a firm faith's candid
ray,
Dazzled troops of foes attendant bow'd before him on his way.

But the calm physician, viewing where the white neck join'd
the ear,
Said—"It is a slinger's doing; Sun nor Wind was actor here.
Yet, till God vouchsafe more certain knowledge of his sovereign will,
Better deem the mystic curtain hides their wonted demons
still!

"Better so, perchance, than living in a clearer light like me,
But believing where perceiving, bound in what I hear and
see,—
Force and change in constant sequence, changing atoms,
changeless laws;
Only in submissive patience waiting access to the Cause.

"And, they say, Centurion Altus, when he to Ernania came,
And to Rome's subjection call'd us, urging Cæsar's tribute
claim,

Told that half the world barbarian thrills already with the faith
Taught them by the godlike Syrian Cæsar lately put to death.

"And the Sun, through starry stages measuring from the Ram and Bull,
Tells us of renewing ages, and that Nature's time is full:
So, perchance, these silly breezes even now may swell the sail
Brings the leavening word of Jesus Westward also to the Gael."

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

1828—1882.

SISTER HELEN.

"Why did you melt your waxen man?
Sister Helen!
To-day is the third since you began."
"The time was long, yet the time ran,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But if you have done your work aright,
Sister Helen!
You'll let me play, for you said I might."
"Be very still in your play to-night,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Third night to-night, between Hell and Heaven!)

"You said it must melt ere vesper bell,
Sister Helen!
If now it be molten all is well."
"Even so,—nay, peace! you can not tell,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
O what is this, between Hell and Heaven?)

"O the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen!
How like dead folk he has dropp'd away!"
"Nay now, of the dead what can you say?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven?)

"See! see the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen!
Shines through the thinn'd wax red as blood!"
"Nay now, when look'd you yet on blood?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick and sore,
Sister Helen!
And I'll play without the gallery door."
"Ay, let me rest! I'll lie on the floor,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
What rest to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen!
The moon flies face to face with me."
"Ay, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
What sight to night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Outside it is merry in the wind's wake,
Sister Helen!
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
"Hush! heard you a horse-tread as you spake?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
What sound to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen!
Three horsemen that ride terribly."
"Little brother! whence come the three?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Whence should they come, between Hell and Heaven?)

"They come by the hill-verge from Boyne Bar,
Sister Helen!
And one draws nigh, but two are afar."
"Look! look! do you know them who they are?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Who should they be, between Hell and Heaven!)

"O, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen!
For I know the white mane on the blast."
"The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven?)

"He has made a sign and call'd Halloo!
Sister Helen!
And he says that he would speak with you."
"O tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Why laughs she thus, between Hell and Heaven?)

"The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen!
That Keith of Ewern's like to die."
"And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother!
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days ago, on his marriage morn,
Sister Helen!
He sicken'd, and lies since then forlorn."
"For bridegroom's side is the bride a thorn?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Cold bridal cheer, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days and nights he has lain a-bed,
Sister Helen!
And he prays in torment to be dead."
"The thing may chance, if he have pray'd,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
If he have pray'd, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen!
That you should take your curse away."
"My prayer was heard,—he need but pray,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Shall not God hear, between Hell and Heaven?)

"But he says,—till you take back your ban,
Sister Helen!
His soul would pass, yet never can."
"Nay then, shall I slay a living man?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
A living soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen!
And says that he melts before a flame."

"My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,
Sister Helen!
For I know the white plume on the blast."
"The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven?)

"He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen!
But his words are drown'd in the wind's course."
"Nay hear! nay hear! you must hear perforce,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
What word now heard, between Hell and Heaven?)

"O he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
Sister Helen!
Is ever to see you ere he die."
"In all that his soul sees, there am I,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
The soul's one sight, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen!
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne."
"What else he broke will he ever join?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
No! never join'd, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He yields you these and craves full fain,
Sister Helen!

You pardon him in his mortal pain."
"What else he took will he give again?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Not twice to give, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He calls your name in an agony,
Sister Helen!
That even dead Love must weep to see."
"Hate, born of Love, is blind as he,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Love turn'd to hate, between Hell and Heaven!)

"O it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
Sister Helen!
For I know the white hair on the blast."
"The short, short hour will soon be past,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Will soon be past, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen!
But O! his voice is sad and weak."
"What here should the mighty Baron seek?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven?)

"O his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen!
The body dies but the soul shall live."
"Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven!)

"O he prays, as his heart would rive,
Sister Helen!
To save his dear son's soul alive."
"Fire can not slay it, it shall thrive,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Alas, alas, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He cries to you, kneeling in the road,
Sister Helen!
To go with him for the love of God!"
"The way is long to his son's abode,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
The way is long, between Hell and Heaven!)

"A lady's here, by a dark steed brought,
Sister Helen!
So darkly clad, I saw her not."
"See her now or never see aught,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
What more to see, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Her hood falls back, and the moon shines fair,
Sister Helen!
On the Lady of Ewern's golden hair."
"Blest hour of my power and her despair,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Hour blest and bann'd, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Pale, pale her cheeks, that in pride did glow,
Sister Helen!
'Neath the bridal-wreath three days ago."
"One morn for pride and three days for woe,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Three days, three nights, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Her clasp'd hands stretch from her bending head,
Sister Helen!
With the loud wind's wail her sobs are wed."
"What wedding-strains hath her bridal-bed?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
What strain but death's, between Hell and Heaven?)

"She may not speak, she sinks in a swoon,
Sister Helen!—
She lifts her lips and gasps on the moon."
"O might I but hear her soul's blithe tune,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Her woe's dumb cry, between Hell and Heaven!)

"They've caught her to Westholm's saddle-bow,
Sister Helen!
And her moonlit hair gleams white in its flow."
"Let it turn whiter than winter snow,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Woe-wither'd gold, between Hell and Heaven!)

"O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
Sister Helen!
More loud than the vesper-chime it fell."
"No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,
Sister Helen!

Is it in the sky or in the ground?"
"Say, have they turn'd their horses round?
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
What would she more, between Hell and Heaven?)

"They have raised the old man from his knee,
Sister Helen!
And they ride in silence hastily."
"More fast the naked soul doth flee,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
The naked soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Flank to flank are the three steeds gone,
Sister Helen!
But the lady's dark steed goes alone."
"And lonely her bridegroom's soul hath flown,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
The lonely ghost, between Hell and Heaven!)

"O the wind is sad in the iron chill,
Sister Helen!
And weary sad they look by the hill."
"But he and I are sadder still,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Most sad of all, between Hell and Heaven!)

"See! see! the wax has dropp'd from its place,
Sister Helen!
And the flames are winning up apace!"
"Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Ah! what white thing at the door has cross'd?
Sister Helen!
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?"
"A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother!
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)

WILLIAM MORRIS.

1834—

THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS.

Had she come all the way for this,
To part at last without a kiss?
Yea! had she borne the dirt and rain
That her own eyes might see him slain
Beside the haystack in the floods?

Along the dripping leafless woods,
The stirrup touching either shoe,
She rode astride as troopers do;
With kirtle kilted to her knee,
To which the mud splash'd wretchedly;
And the wet dripp'd from every tree
Upon her head and heavy hair,
And on her eyelids broad and fair;
The tears and rain ran down her face.
By fits and starts they rode apace,
And very often was his place
Far off from her; he had to ride
Ahead, to see what might betide
When the roads cross'd; and sometimes, when
There rose a murmuring from his men,
Had to turn back with promises;
Ah me! she had but little ease;
And often for pure doubt and dread

She sobb'd, made giddy in the head
By the swift riding; while for cold
Her slender fingers scarce could hold
The wet reins; yea! and scarcely too
She felt the foot within her shoe
Against the stirrup: all for this,
To part at last without a kiss
Beside the haystack in the floods!

For when they near'd that old soak'd hay,
They saw across the only way
That Judas, Godmar; and the three
Red running lions dismally
Grinn'd from his pennon, under which,
In one straight line along the ditch,
They counted thirty heads.
So then,
While Robert turn'd round to his men,
She saw at once the wretched end,
And stooping down tried hard to rend
Her coif the wrong way from her head,
And hid her eyes; while Robert said—
"Nay, Love! 'tis scarcely two to one,
At Poictiers, where we made them run
So fast,—why, sweet my Love! good cheer!
The Gascon frontier is so near;
Nought after this!"
But "O!" she said,—
"My God! my God! I have to tread
The long way back without you; then
The court at Paris; those six men;
The gratings of the Châtelet;
The swift Seine on some rainy day
Like this, and people standing by,
And laughing, while my weak hands try
To recollect how strong men swim:
All this or else a life with him,

For which I should be damn'd at last.
Would God that this next hour were past!"

He answer'd not, but cried his cry—
"St. George for Marny!" cheerily;
And laid his hand upon her rein.
Alas! no man of all his train
Gave back that cheery cry again;
And, while for rage his thumb beat fast
Upon his sword-hilt, some one cast
About his neck a kerchief long,
And bound him.
Then they went along
To Godmar; who said—"Now, Jehane!
Your lover's life is on the wane
So fast that, if this very hour
You yield not as my paramour,
He will not see the rain leave off——
Nay! keep your tongue from gibe and scoff,
Sir Robert! or I slay you now."

She laid her hand upon her brow,
Then gazed upon the palm, as though
She thought her forehead bled, and "No!"
She said, and turn'd her head away,
As there were nothing else to say,
And everything were settled; red
Grew Godmar's face from chin to head;
"Jehane! on yonder hill there stands
My castle, guarding well my lands,—
What hinders me from taking you
And doing what I list to do
To your fair wilful body, while
Your knight lies dead?"
A wicked smile
Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
A long way out she thrust her chin;

"You know that I should strangle you
While you were sleeping, or bite through
Your throat, by God's help——ah!" she said,—
"Lord Jesus! pity your poor maid!
For in such wise they hem me in,
I can not choose but sin and sin,
Whatever happens. Yet I think
They could not make me eat or drink,
And so should I just reach my rest."—
"Nay! if you do not my behest,
O Jehane! though I love you well,"
Said Godmar,—"would I fail to tell
All that I know?"—"Foul lies!" she said.
"Eh! lies? my Jehane! by God's head
At Paris folk would deem them true!
Do you know, Jehane! they cry for you—
'Jehane the brown! Jehane the brown!
Give us Jehane to burn or drown!'—
Eh? gag me Robert!—Sweet my friend!
This were indeed a piteous end
For those long fingers, and long feet,
And long neck, and smooth shoulders sweet,—
An end that few men would forget
That saw it. So an hour yet:
Consider, Jehane! which to take
Of life or death!"
So, scarce awake,
Dismounting, did she leave that place
And totter some yards; with her face
Turn'd upward to the sky she lay,
Her head on a wet heap of hay,
And fell asleep; and while she slept,
And did not dream, the minutes crept
Round to the twelve again; but she,
Being awake at last, sigh'd quietly,
And strangely child-like came, and said—
"I will not!" Straightway Godmar's head,

As though it hung on strong wires, turn'd
Most sharply round, and his face burn'd.

For Robert, both his eyes were dry,—
He could not weep, but gloomily
He seem'd to watch the rain; yea! too,
His lips were firm; he tried once more
To touch her lips; she reach'd out, sore
And vain desire so tortured them,
The poor grey lips,—and now the hem
Of his sleeve brush'd them——
With a start
Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart;
From Robert's throat he loosed the bands
Of silk and mail; with empty hands
Held out, she stood and gazed, and saw
The long bright blade without a flaw
Glide out from Godmar's sheath, his hand
In Robert's hair; she saw him bend
Back Robert's head; she saw him send
The thin steel down; the blow told well;
Right backward the knight Robert fell,
And moan'd as dogs do, being half dead,
Unwitting, as I deem. So then
Godmar turn'd grinning to his men,
Who ran, some five or six, and beat
His head to pieces at their feet.

Then Godmar turn'd again, and said—
"So, Jehane! the first fitte is read.
Take note, my lady! that your way
Lies backward to the Châtelet!"
She shook her head and gazed awhile
At her cold hands with a rueful smile,
As though this thing had made her mad.

This was the parting that they had
Beside the haystack in the floods.

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

1803—

HAJARLIS.

I loved Hajarlis, and was loved,—
  Both children of the Desert we;
And deep as were her lustrous eyes,
  My image ever could I see.

And in my heart she also shone,
  As doth a star above a well;
And we each other's thoughts enjoy'd,
  As camels listen to a bell.

A Sheik unto Hajarlis came,
  And said—"Thy beauty fires my dreams:
Young Ornab spurn! fly to my tent!
  So shalt thou walk in golden beams."

But from the Sheik my maiden turn'd,
  And he was wroth with her, and me;
Hajarlis down a pit was lower'd,
  And I was fasten'd to a tree.

Nor bread nor water had she there;
  But oft a slave would come and go;
O'er the pit bent he, muttering words,—
  And aye took back the unvarying "No!"

The simoom came with sullen glare!
  Breathed Desert-mysteries through my tree!—
I only heard the starving sighs
  From that pit's mouth unceasingly.

Day after day—night after night—
  Hajarlis' famish'd moans I hear!
And then I pray'd her to consent—
  For my sake, in my wild despair.

Calm strode the Sheik, look'd down the pit,
And said—"Thy beauty now is gone;
Thy last moans will thy lover hear,
While thy slow torments feed my scorn!"

They spared me that I still might know
Her thirst and frenzy—till at last
The pit was silent!—and I felt
Her life—and mine—were with the past.

A friend that night cut through my bonds;
The Sheik amidst his camels slept;
We fired his tent, and drove them in,—
And then with joy I scream'd and wept.

And cried—"A Spirit comes array'd,
From that dark pit, in golden beams!
Thy slaves are fled, thy camels mad,—
Hajarlis once more fires thy dreams!"

The camels blindly trod him down,
While still we drove them o'er his bed;
Then with a stone I beat his breast,
As I would smite him ten times dead.

MARY BETHAM HOWITT.

1804–

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

A Midsummer Legend.

"And where have you been? my Mary!
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer-night to see."

"And what did you see, my Mary!
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary!
All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"O tell me all, my Mary!
All, all that ever you know:
For you must have seen the Fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low!"

"Then take me on your knee, Mother!
And listen, mother of mine!
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But O, the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary!
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother!
But let me have my way.

"Some of them play'd with the water,
And roll'd it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill.

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'O the miller how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some, they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

"'And there,' they said,—'the merry winds go
Away from every horn,
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'O the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone
And the corn stands tall and strong!'

"And some, they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said,—'by the sunrise
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'O the poor lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspake a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,—
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another:
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laugh'd out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and grey,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peep'd into the widow's field,
And sure enough were seen
The yellow ears of the mildew'd corn
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole
To see if the flax were sprung;
But I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, Mother!
And all that I did see.
So prithee make my bed, Mother!
For I'm tired as I can be."

JEAN INGELOW.

1830—

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

The old mayor climb'd the belfry-tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pull'd before!
Good ringers! pull your best!" quoth he.
"Play up, play up, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells!
Play up 'The Brides of Enderby!'"

Men say it was a stolen tide,—
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;

But in mine ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall.
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouch'd on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the door;
My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
My son's fair wife Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song:
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth:
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling;—
"For the dews will soon be falling,
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow!
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come up, White-foot! come up, Light-foot!
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come up, Jetty! rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head!
Come up, White-foot! come up Light-foot!
Come up, Jetty! rise and follow,
Jetty! to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay! long ago,

When I begin to think how long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharp and strong;
And all the air, it seemeth me,
Been full of floating bells (saith she)
That ring the tune of "Enderby."

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow might be seen,
Save where full five good miles away
The steeple tower'd from out the green;
And lo! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swan herds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
And my son's wife Eilzabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free—
"The Brides of Mavis-Enderby."

Then some look'd up into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie
And where the lordly steeple shows;
They said—"And why should this thing be?
What danger lours by land or sea?
They ring the tune of 'Enderby.'

"For evil news from Mablethorpe
Of pirate galleys warping down,
For ships ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town;
But while the West been red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I look'd without, and lo! my son
Came riding down with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again.
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth.)

"The old sea-wall," he cried,—"is down;
The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats adrift in yonder town
Go sailing up the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death.
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith,—
"Where is my wife Elizabeth?"

"Good son! where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I mark'd her long;
And ere yon bells began to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He look'd across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried, and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre rear'd his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,—
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward press'd,
Shook all her trembling banks amain;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then banks came down with ruin and rout,
The beaten foam flew round about;
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast, the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before the shallow seething wave
Sobb'd in the grasses at our feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sat that night,—
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I mark'd the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high,
A lurid mark, and dread to see.
And awesome bells they were to me
That in the dark rang "Enderby!"

And didst thou visit him no more!—
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear!
The waters laid thee at his door
Ere yet the early dawn was clear:
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down-drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strew'd wrecks about the grass;
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea:
A fatal ebb and flow, alas!
To many more than mine and me.
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song—
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along

Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling—
'Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow!
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come up, White-foot! come up, Light-foot!
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come up, Light-foot rise and follow!
Light-foot! White-foot!
From your clovers lift your head!
Come up, Jetty! follow, follow,
Jetty! to the milking shed."

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL.

1824—1874.

KEITH OF RAVELSTON.

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,—
"O, Keith of Ravelston!
The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston! Ravelston!
The merry path that leads

Down the golden morning hill,
  And through the silver meads.

Ravelston ! Ravelston !
  The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
  The song that sang she.

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
  She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
  Rode through, the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
  His belted jewels shine !
"O, Keith of Ravelston !
  The sorrows of thy line !"

Year after year, where Andrew came,
  Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
  Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
  She keeps the shadowy kine ;
"O, Keith of Ravelston !
  The sorrows of thy line !"

I lay my hand upon the stile,
  The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
  Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year,
  She keeps her shadowy kine ;
"O, Keith of Ravelston !
  The sorrows of thy line !"

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood !—
  Why blanch thy cheeks for fear ?

The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear.

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
"O, Keith of Ravelston!
The sorrows of thy line!"

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

1828—1876.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

Trample, trample, went the roan,
Trap, trap, went the grey;
But pad, *pad*, PAD, like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away!
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud, thud, came on the roan,
Rap, *rap*, the mettled grey;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she show'd them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doff'd my hat,
And wish'd them all good day!

They splash'd through miry rut and pool,
Splinter'd through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switch'd over the gate;
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap, trap, I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace.
But blood is better than bone.

I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
  For I knew it was all my own.

But trample, trample, came their steeds,
  And I saw their wolf's eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
  And made me ready to turn ;
I look'd where highest grew the May,
  And deepest arch'd the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat,—
  One blow, and he was down ;
The second rogue fired twice, and miss'd,—
  I sliced the villain's crown ;
Clove through the rest, and flogg'd brave Kate,
  Fast, fast, to Salisbury town.

Pad, pad, they came on the level sward,
  Thud, thud, upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
  And a shaking of flag and hand.
But one long bound, and I pass'd the gate,
  Safe from the canting band.

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

1841—

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay in the Field of Blood !
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
  And black was the sky ;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
  Though the red Moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
  Strangled and dead lay there!
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Look'd on it in despair!

The breath of the World came and went,
  Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
  The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Did make a gentle moan:
"I will bury underneath the ground
  My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury deep beneath the soil,
  Lest mortals look thereon;
And when the wolf and raven come
  The body will be gone!

"The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
  And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
  Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
  So grim, and gaunt, and grey,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
  And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field,
  Its touch was cold as ice;
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
  Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lantern's eye,
  Open'd and shut again.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
  Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
  Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
  It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
  And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
  It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
  It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
  And it was dripping chill;
And the next place he came unto
  Was a Cross upon a hill:

A Cross upon the windy hill,
  And a Cross on either side,—
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
  Who had been crucified;

And on the middle cross-bar sat
  A white dove slumbering,—
Dim it sat in the dim light,
  With its head beneath its wing;

And underneath the middle Cross
  A grave yawn'd wide and vast,—
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Shiver'd, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
  It was the Brig of Dread;
And the great torrents rushing down
  Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
  For fear of faces dim;
And arms were waved in the wild water
  To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Turn'd from the Brig of Dread;
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
  Had splash'd the body red.

For days and nights he wander'd on
  Upon an open plain;
And the days went by like blinding mist,
  And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wander'd on
  All through the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
  And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Came with a weary face,
Alone, alone, and all alone,
  Alone in a lonely place!

He wander'd East, he wander'd West,
  And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
  He wander'd round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
  He walk'd the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,
  As dim as dim might be,
That came and went, like the lighthouse gleam
  On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Crawl'd to the distant gleam;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
  Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wander'd on,
  Push'd on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black rain,
  And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
  Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
  Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,
  And his foot-marks black and damp;
And the ghost of the silvern Moon arose,
  Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
  And the walls were deep with white;
And the shadows of the guests within
  Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
  Did strangely come and go;
And the body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay stretch'd along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
  He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole
  Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burn'd bright and clear ;
"O, who is that," the Bridegroom said,—
"Whose weary feet I hear ?"

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answer'd soft and slow—
"It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow!"

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head :
"O, who is that who moans without ?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answer'd fierce and low—
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand ;
And saw the Bridegroom at the door,
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door ;
And he was clad in white ;
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see :
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins ?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare :
"I have wandered many nights and days,—
There is no light elsewhere!"

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright :
" Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow;
And the third time that he waved his hands,
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touch'd the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckon'd, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in and fell at his feet.

" The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I pour'd the wine!"

The supper wine is pour'd at last,
The lights burn bright and fair :
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet
And dries them with his hair.

JOHN PAYNE.

1843—

MAY MARGARET.

O sweet is the Spring in coppice and wold,
  And the bonny fresh flowers are springing !
May Margaret walks in the merry green-wood,
  To hear the blithe birds singing.

May Margaret walks in the heart of the treen,
  Under the green boughs straying ;
And she hath seen the King of the Elves
  Under the lindens playing.

"O wed thou with me, May Margaret !
  All in the merry green May-time :
And thou shalt dance all the moonlit night,
  And sleep on flowers in the day-time !"

"O King of the Elves ! it may not be,
  For the sake of the folk that love me :
I may not be Queen of the Elfland green,
  For the fear of the heaven above me !"

"O, an thou wilt be the Elfland's Queen,
  Thy robe shall be blue and golden ;
And thou shalt drink of the red red wine
  In blue-bell chalices holden !"

"O King of the Elves ! it may not be,—
  My father at home would miss me ;
And if I were Queen of the Elfland green,
  My mother would never kiss me !"

"O, an thou wilt be the Elfland's Queen,
  Thy shoon shall be sea-green sendal ;
Thy thread shall be silk as white as milk ;
  And snow-white silver thy spindle !"

He hath led her by the lily-white hand
  Into the hill-side palace;
And he hath given her wine to drink
  Out of the blue-bell chalice.

Now seven long years are over and gone,
  Since the thorn began to blossom;
And she hath brought the Elf-King a son,
  And beareth it on her bosom.

"A boon! a boon, my husband the King!
  For the sake of my babe I cry thee!"
"Now ask what thou wilt, May Margaret!
  There's nothing I may deny thee."

"O, let me go home for a night and a day,
  To show my mother her daughter;
And fetch a priest to my bonny wee babe,
  To sprinkle the holy water!

"O, let me go hence for a night and a day,
  To the little town by the river!
And we will turn to the merry green-wood,
  And dwell with the Elves forever."

O, out of the Elfland are they gone,
  Mother and babe together,
And they are come in the blithe Spring-time
  To the land of the blowing heather.

"O, where is my mother I used to kiss,
  And my father that oft caress'd me?
They both lie cold in the churchyard mould,
  And I have no whither to rest me.

"O, where is the dove that I used to love,
  And the lover that used to love me?
The one is dead, and the other is fled;
  But the heaven is left above me.

"I pray thee, sir priest! to christen my babe,
With bell and candle and psalter;
And I will give up this bonny gold cup,
To stand on the holy altar!"

"O Queen of the Elves! it may not be:
The Elf must suffer damnation,
Unless thou wilt bring thy costliest thing
As guerdon for its salvation!"

"O surely my life is my costliest thing:
I give it and never rue it;
And if thou wilt save my innocent babe,
The blood of my heart ensue it!"

The priest hath made the sign of the Cross,
The white-robed choristers sing;
But the babe is dead, ere blessing be said,—
May Margaret's costliest thing.

O drearly and loud she shriek'd, as if
Her soul from her breast would sever!—
And she hath gone to the merry green-wood,
To dwell with the Elves forever.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

1824—

JANET

"Sweep up the floor, Janet!
Put on another peat:
It's a lown and starry night, Janet!
And neither cauld nor weet.

"And it's open house we keep this night
For ony that may be out:

It's the night atween the Saints and Souls,
When the bodiless gang about.

"Set the chairs back to the wa', Janet!
Mak' ready for quiet folk!
Hae a' things as clean as a windin'-sheet;
They com'na ilka ook.

"There's a spale upon the floor, Janet!
And there's a rowan-berry:
Sweep them into the fire, Janet!
They'll be welcomer than merry.

"Syne set open the door, Janet!
Wide open for wha kens wha,—
As ye come ben to your bed, Janet!
Set it open to the wa'!"

She set the chairs back to the wa',
But one made o' the birk;
She sweepit the floor, left that ae spale—
A lang spale o' the aik.

The night was lown and the stars sat still,
A glintin' down the sky;
And the souls crept out o' their mouldy graves,
A' dank wi' lying by.

She had set the door wide to the wa',
And blown the peats rosy red;
They were shoonless feet gaed out and in,
Nor clampit as they gaed.

When midnight cam', the mother rose,—
She would gae see and hear;
Back she cam' wi' a glowerin' face
And gloomin' wi' very fear.

"There's ane o' them sittin' afore the fire!
  Janet! gang na to see!
Ye left a chair afore the fire,
  Where I tauld ye nae chair should be."

Janet, she smiled in her mother's face:
  She had burn'd the rowan red;
And she'd left aneath the birken chair
  The spale frae a coffin-lid.

She rose and she gaed butt the house,
  Aye steekin' door by door;
Three hours gaed by or her mother heard
  Her foot upon the floor.

But when the grey cock crew, she heard
  The sound o' shoonless feet;
When the red cock crew, she heard the door,
  And a sough o' wind and weet.

And Janet cam' back wi' a wan face,
  But never a word said she;
No man ever heard her voice loot out,—
  It cam' like frae owre the sea.

And no man ever heard her laugh,
  Nor yet say Alas! or Wae!—
But a smile aye glimmer'd on her wan face,
  Like the moonlight on the sea.

And ilka night 'tween the Saints and the Souls,
  Wide open she set the door;
And she mended the fire, and she left ae chair,
  And that spale upon the floor.

And at midnight she gaed butt the house,
  Aye steekin' door and door;
When the red cock crew, she cam' ben the house,
  Aye wanner than afore.

Wanner her face, and sweeter her smile,
  Till the seventh All-Souls' eve ;—
Her mother she heard the shoonless feet,
  Said—" She's coming, I believe."

But she cam'na ben ; and her mother lay,—
  For fear she couldna stan' ;
But up she rose and down she gaed,
  When the gowden cock had crawn.

And Janet sat upon the chair,
  White as the day did daw' :
Her smile was the sun-glint left on the sea
  When the sun has gone awa.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

1811—

GLENKINDIE.

About Glenkindie and his man
A false ballant hath long been writ ;
Some bootless loon had written it,
    Upon a bootless plan :
But I have found the true at last,—
And here it is, so hold it fast !
'Twas made by a kind damosel
Who loved him and his man right well.

Glenkindie, best of harpers, came
  Unbidden to our town ;
And he was sad, and sad to see,
  For love had worn him down.

It was the love, as all men know,
  The love that brought him down,
The hopeless love for the King's daughter,
  The dove that heir'd a crown.

Now he wore not that collar of gold,
His dress was forest green;
His wondrous fair and rich mantel
Had lost its silvery sheen.

But still by his side walk'd Rafe, his boy,
In goodly cramoisie:
Of all the boys that ever I saw
The goodliest boy was he.

O Rafe the page! O Rafe the page!
Ye stole the heart frae me:
O Rafe the page! O Rafe the page!
I wonder where ye be:
We ne'er may see Glenkindie more,—
But may we never see thee?

Glenkindie came within the hall;
We set him on the dais,
And gave him bread, and gave him wine,
The best in all the place.

We set for him the guests' high chair,
And spread the naperie:
Our Dame herself would serve for him,
And I for Rafe, perdie!

But down he sat on a low low stool,
And thrust his long legs out,
And lean'd his back to the high chair,
And turn'd his harp about.

He turn'd it round, he strok'd the strings,
He touch'd each tirling-pin,
He put his mouth to the sounding-board
And breathed his breath therein.

And Rafe sat over against his face,
And look'd at him wistfullie:

I almost grat ere he began,
  They were so sad to see.

The very first stroke he strack that day,
  We all came crowding near;
And the second stroke he strack that day,
  We all were smit with fear.

The third stroke that he strack that day,
  Full fain we were to cry;
The fourth stroke that he strack that day,
  We thought that we would die.

No tongue can tell how sweet it was,
  How far, and yet how near:
We saw the saints in Paradise,
  And bairnies on their bier.

And our sweet Dame saw her good lord—
  She told me privilie:
She saw him as she saw him last,
  On his ship upon the sea.

Anon he laid his little harp by,
  He shut his wondrous eyes;
We stood a long time like dumb things,
  Stood in a dumb surprise.

Then all at once we left that trance,
  And shouted where we stood;
We clasp'd each other's hands and vow'd
  We would be wise and good.

Soon he rose up and Rafe rose too,
  He drank wine and broke bread;
He clasp'd hands with our trembling Dame,
  But never a word he said;
They went,—Alack and lack-a-day!
  They went the way they came.

I follow'd them all down the floor,
  And O but I had drouth
To touch his cheek, to touch his hand,
  To kiss Rafe's velvet mouth!

But I knew such was not for me.
  They went straight from the door;
We saw them fade within the mist,
  And never saw them more.

NOTES.

The history of our traditional ballad poetry is very succinctly and exactly given by Mr. Allingham. It was "composed by unlearned men for popular audiences, passing from mouth to mouth and generation to generation of singers and reciters, dull and clever, undergoing numerous alterations by reason of slips of memory, personal tastes, local adaptations and prejudices, additions, omissions, patches, and lucky thoughts," —and later it was "transferred into the editorial laboratories, there sifted, mixed, shaken, clarified, improved (or the contrary), *no one can ever tell how much.*"

First in such editorial importance (though Allan Ramsay set the work agoing in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* so early as 1724) is Bishop Percy, who accidentally came into possession of a certain FOLIO MANUSCRIPT (transcriber unknown, but the copy guessed to be of the date of 1650, or thereabout), a "scrubby, shabby paper" book, "used to light the fire," and picked up from the floor of a friend's house, said MS. containing nearly two hundred old ballads and songs, some whole, some mutilated. So possessed, he conceived the idea of publication, and accordingly in 1765 brought out three volumes—"*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, consisting of old heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces of our earlier Poets: with some few of later date": a very miscellaneous gathering of one hundred and seventy-six pieces, of which forty-five were taken from the Folio MS., not without patches, emendations, additions, and adaptations to the taste of the period. The fashion taking, he was followed by other collecting editors; by Herd in 1769; Pinkerton, 1781; Sir Walter Scott (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*), 1802; Jamieson, 1806; and a host of others, Motherwell, Cunningham, Finlay, Kinloch, Buchan, Chambers, etc. All these editors, without exception, were more or less menders and improvers, collating the various anonymous writings or

oral transmissions that came within the scope of their research, associating (as Robert Chambers says of his own procedure) "the best stanzas and the best lines, nay, even the best words of the various copies extant" ("some of them in no fewer than six different forms"); making as free with the texts before them as if the ballads had been of their own writing, and often not hesitating to insert their own as ancient originals.

Allan Ramsay, says Professor Aytoun, "never felt any hesitation in altering, retouching, and adding"; Burns did as pleased him with the ancient songs he contributed to Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*; even Sir Walter's *Minstrelsy* is not authentic, though it may be that the ballads "have gained by his treatment"; Jamieson "put in many stanzas," says Allingham; and Herd's is "an indiscriminate gathering"—"no authorities given;" of Pinkerton's *Tragic Ballads* Ritson declares that "systematic forgery pervades the whole;" Buchan, "a most daring forger," says Dyce, "has scarcely anything to be trusted as genuine"; Professor Child "has no confidence" in the "souvenirs" of Allan Cunningham; and most industrious and sceptical Robert Chambers owns to altering "for the sake of completing the narrative in a consistent manner." Our one valuable edition is that in eight volumes (Boston, 1864) by Professor Francis James Child, and he had to build with the scattered bricks and rubble within his reach. It was only in 1867, then mainly through his persistent urging, that the famous *Folio Manuscript* was put in print, edited by Messrs. Hales and Furnival; and we could see at least some veritable remains, or ruins, of old time.

But the *Folio* itself is by an illiterate writer, and of none of the ballads, there or elsewhere, can we obtain anything better than a very doubtful text. In the present selection the principle adopted has been as far as possible to choose a single likeliest version rather than to make patchwork from various editings; and the spelling (very careless in all the "originals") has been corrected and modernized, except in doubtful words, or where rhyme or rhythm or dialectic flavour forbade an alteration.

THOMAS THE RHYMER. From Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Given by him from a copy obtained from a lady, "corrected and enlarged" by another MS. Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas of Ercildoun, is the Scottish Merlin, whose prophecies, supposed to have been learned by him in Fairy-land, were household words throughout Scotland. Eildon (or Ercildoun) is the name of a hill near Melrose.

KEMPION. Scott's *Minstrelsy*. *Kempion* is Champion. There is a Danish ballad essentially the same. The characteristic incident of the story (a maiden transformed into some kind of monster, and only to be

restored to her proper shape by the kiss of a knight) is, says Professor Child, "as common in the popular fiction of the North as Scott asserts it to be in chivalrous romance." Estmere, the opposite of West-mere-land, seems to locate the story to the rocky coast of Northumberland.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE. From the Percy *Folio*: omitting some later stanzas, describing further tests of chastity by means of a knife and a drinking-horn, which have a look of additions to the story.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH. From the Percy *Folio*. Prefixed to the ballad in our text the *Folio* has ninety-six lines, in which Arthur, in his own person, recounts his former battles; and following our text are other stanzas telling what became of the Duke. Neither prefix nor appendix appears to fairly belong to the Death of Arthur.

KING ESTMERE. Given by Percy in the *Reliques* "from two copies, one of them in the *Folio*, but which contained very great variations." Neither copy exists, and Percy owns to having torn up that in the *Folio*. There is no knowing therefore how much of the present version may be his own. In the eighth stanza, he prints—

"Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steeds,"

and a later stanza has—

"And thus they renisht them to ryde
On tow good renish steedes."

So literatim. Taking into account this manifest incapacity for spelling, and in the absence of any explanation of the word *renisht*, *furnish'd* may perhaps be allowed as a possible reading.

SIR CAWLINE. From the Percy *Folio*. It is worth giving in the fragmentary state in which it there appears, if only to show the condition in which many of our old ballads have come into the hands of editors. Great must have been the temptation to restore, if not to amend! In the first edition of Percy's *Reliques* the two hundred and one lines are increased to three hundred and ninety-two, with a tragic and sentimental ending. Failing to find the meaning of *swire* (neck) Percy invented a *squire* (a dwarf) to carry the five heads for the Giant. He has omitted the adventure with the lion. Very probably it does not belong to it. *For* means *yet*, in the line—

For some deeds of arms fain would I do.

Christ his (Christ's) lay, or lay-land, means the earth, between hell and heaven.

He brought him off his hand—

That is, he cut off his hand.

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER. From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads:* an unlikely place for accuracy. Similar stories are found throughout the North and elsewhere. Our text follows some corrections by Allingham; and omits some unnecessary and evidently spurious stanzas.

SIR ALDINGAR. From the Percy *Folio.* The story in its essentials, says Child, is found also in Denmark, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands; and has furnished the theme for various romances and tragedies. It likewise occurs in connection with historical personages, not only in England, but also in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain.

The only variations from the *Folio* in our text, here or elsewhere (except spelling and the omission of plainly redundant words) are marked in parenthesis. Unless so marked the copied text is strictly adhered to. Percy's version in the *Reliques* is "corrected" and smoothed, and has new incidents by the good bishop himself. The remainder of the line beginning *With a Mu* had been torn out of the *Folio* manuscript.

CHILD MAURICE. From the Percy *Folio.* Professor Child (edition 1864) gives it as "Gil Morrice," as it stands in the *Reliques*; but degrades to the margin twelve stanzas as "undoubtedly spurious." Even so stinted, the version has many stanzas not in the *Folio*, from which it else varies considerably. Motherwell gives a third version as "Child Noryce." *Child* means simply a youthful knight, a word answering to the French *damoiseau.*

GLASGERION. From the Percy *Folio:* not materially altered in the *Reliques.* There is a Scottish inferior version of the same story, under the title of "Glenkindie." The "little pen-knife" is the dagger, stuck in the garter, carried for their protection, by women, dancing girls in the East, and others.

TAMLANE. Professor Child's version of this differs widely from that in Scott's *Minstrelsy.* Child also inserts additional stanzas from other versions. In the absence of any authoritative text, the only possible treatment seems to be to keep what is necessary for the story, and leave out apparent modernizations.

SIR PATRICK SPENS. Scott's *Minstrelsy.* Percy's *Reliques* contains a shorter version. The ballad is supposed to refer to some expedition on account of Margaret, the "Maid of Norway," daughter of Alexander the Third, of Scotland. She was taken to Norway in 1281, to be married to Eric, King of Norway, and the Scottish historian Fordoun speaks of the drowning of nobles on their way back.

CHEVY CHACE, or THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT: the name of Chevy-Chace generally given to a later version. The copy of our earlier ballad, from a manuscript in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford, is in the British Museum Library, in black letter, in the preface to Hearne's *Gulielmus Newbrigensis.* The manuscript is signed by the transcriber, Richard Sheale, and the authorship has been attributed to him; but the ballad appears to have been popular in Scotland in 1548, before his time of writing. It is probably of the date of Henry the Sixth, and to this rather than to the more modern "Chevy-Chace" Sir Philip Sidney must have referred when he said it moved his heart more than a trumpet, although "evil appareled in the dust and cobweb of an uncivil age." But there is yet another ballad, "The Battle of Otterbourne" (describing a recorded battle said to have been fought, near Newcastle, in 1388), which may have been the earliest of the three.

P. 63.—The text in Hearne has—

"they made them biers
Of birch and hazel *so gray.*"

Probably a mistake of the transcriber. There is nothing gray about the hazel. And see also at the burial of Johnie of Braedislee, p. 67—

"They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
And ane o' the slae-thorn tree."

JOHNIE OF BRAEDISLEE. Scott's *Minstrelsy.* "An ancient North dale ballad:" with a flavour of Scott, who selects the verses of "greatest merit" from two copies. *Lincome twine* may be *Lincoln green*, the usual forester's wear: Lincoln as famous for its green as Coventry for blue. Scott has in the last stanza—

"And his gude grey dogs are slain."

THE LOCHMABEN HARPER. From Scott; not without a look of his handiwork. Of this, a Scottish ballad, one version gives King Henry instead of the Warden. There is also a very different and later English version (reprinted by the Percy Society) in which the theft is to settle a

wager between two knights. King Henry figures in that too. *The fiend dought they* is the devil could they do aught.

KINMONT WILLIE. From Scott, who has "conjectural emendations" and gives the following note:—

"The incidents on which this ballad are founded occurred in 1596. The hero was William Armstrong of Kinmont, and his capture was in open violation of a truce then existing. The 'fause Sakelde' was Mr. Salkeld of Corby Castle (Cumberland), the deputy of the English Warden, Lord Scroope. The main incidents of the ballad agree with the historical account of the raid. The number of the men at the disposal of the Scottish Warden is, with pardonable pride, understated. It was two hundred men, and not 'thirty Scots and ten, that put a thousand in sic a steer.' And it was only in the minstrel's humorous verse that Salkeld fell a victim to Dickie o' Dryhope's want o' lear. Queen Elizabeth was indignant at the bold and successful exploit, and Buccleuch was sent to England as a hostage, and, according to family traditions, presented to the Queen, who demanded of him how he 'dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous?' 'What is it?' answered the undaunted chieftain, 'that a man dares not do?' Elizabeth turned to a lord in waiting—'With ten thousand such men our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe.'"

The 'bateable or Debateable Land was the border land in dispute between England and Scotland. "O wha dare meddle wi' me?" is the name of an old tune.

JAMIE TELFER. Again from Scott. "An ancient Border ballad" is all he calls it: probably of the sixteenth century, and a fair description of the usual forays from either side, with the raising of the country for a rescue. The Dodhead is in Selkirkshire. *Wattie o' the Wud-spurs* is Walter or Wattie Mad-spurs.

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT may well follow the foray and the fray. This "fragment," not insufficient in itself, obtained by Sir Walter from recitation, is said to refer to the execution of a noted Border freebooter, who was hanged over the gate of his own castle by James the Fifth.

THE BROOM O' THE COWDENKNOWES. From the *Border Minstrelsy*, again. No incorrect picture of old North country manners, with a rude Lord of Burghley to make amends.

CLERK SAUNDERS. "Apparently very ancient," says Scott. "From a MS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy; and one or two conjectural emendations." Child adds three stanzas, from Motherwell, apparently not ancient. The *clinking bell* is used by the crier, passing through a neighbourhood to announce a death and the time of burial.

EARL RICHARD. Yet another from the *Border Minstrelsy:* perhaps the most trustworthy of our authorities, albeit Scott like Percy (only with better taste and more poetic power) could fashion his loose materials, and make something out of hearsay. This he selected from two MSS., making some "trivial alterations" from tradition. *Wad my hail fee* is bet my whole wage. The *candles*, that burned bright, are the corpse-lights, supposed to rise over a drowned person.

Child gives three additional, but immaterial, stanzas of dialogue with the popinjay.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY. Given by Professor Child as the nearest version to the Danish original. Another, also betraying its Danish origin —"The Brave Earl Brand" is printed in Robert Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry of England.* There is also a corresponding Scandinavian ballad—"Ribold and Guldborg." More than thirty versions are found, says Child, in the different Northern languages. It has been called the "Douglas Tragedy" from a supposition that it referred to the family of Douglas; and Sir Walter Scott points out, from popular tradition, even the probable locality. Mr. Child, however, remarks that it is as probably and surely ascertained in Denmark; and, as Jamieson observes, "popular tales soon obtain locality." *Loch*, as pronounced in Scotland, is fair sounding rhyme for *rough.*

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN. From Jamieson, who gives it "verbatim from a MS.," "no liberty whatever taken with the text, only stanzas 22 and 23 (the taking down of the mast and sails) from memory." Another, and more composite, version is given by Scott.

THE CRUEL KNIGHT. The title is a misnomer: the knight having no cruel intent, but acting hastily on the supposition that his wife had betrayed him. The substance of the ballad may be ancient; but the language savours of Herd and Pinkerton.

BURD ELLEN, OR BRIDE ELLEN. The version in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, 1864. Child takes it from Jamieson, omitting Jamieson's

interpolations and three concluding stanzas, which wrongly give a tragic ending.

EDOM O' GORDON: or rather ADAM O' GORDON. The ballad is said to have been founded on an actual tragedy, in 1571. The real actor was one Captain Carr (whose name is sometimes given to the ballad) or Kerr, under orders of Adam Gordon, brother of the Marquis of Huntley, Queen Mary's Lieutenant in the North of Scotland. It seems to have been first printed at Glasgow, in 1775. There are several versions besides this. In his *Ancient Ballads*, Ritson gives this as "Captain Car," an English ballad.

THE TWA BROTHERS: called also the WOOD O' WARSLIN' (wrestling). From Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, "taken down from recitation." Child refers to counterparts in Swedish and Finnish.

EDWARD. Percy's *Reliques*, "from a manuscript copy"—the spelling especially antiquated. Motherwell gives a variation or imitation of it, with the title of "Son Davie."

THE TWA CORBIES. From Scott's *Minstrelsy*.

THE THREE RAVENS. From *Melismata*, 1611, the third of a series of "Pleasant Roundelays," etc., published by Thomas Ravenscroft. The words and music, says Chappell, are as early as the time of Henry the Eighth. The burthen is repeated with every two lines of the song.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT. To be sung to the tune of "Derry-down." Percy, printing it in the *Reliques*, considers it to have been a modernized version (of the time of James the First), from a much older ballad, of which there was a copy in the *Folio MS.*, too corrupt to be printed, but affording him lines "worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas."

THE HEIR OF LINNE. From the Percy *Folio*. Mr. Hales, co-editor with Mr. Furnival of the *Folio*, remarks of this ballad that in the *Reliques* "it was polished till he (Percy) could see his own face in it." Two other versions have been printed by the Percy Society. *A God's penny* was the earnest money paid on the spot to clinch a bargain. *In at the speir*, is In at the hole for speiring (inquiring) before opening the door.

THE OLD CLOAK. *Tak' your auld cloak about ye!* From Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, except the second stanza, supplied by Percy. Percy gives a copy from the *Folio*, with some emendations from a Scottish version. Shakespeare (or Iago) quotes, or misquotes, from this ballad, in OTHELLO, Act II., Scene 3.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
  His breeches cost him but a crown:
He held them six-pence all too dear;
  With that he called the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
  And thou art but of low degree,—etc.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID may be traced back nearly to 1500, appearing at about that date in Arnold's *Chronicle*. It was printed again in 1707 in the *Muses' Mercury*, where it was read by Prior, who founded upon it a poor sentimental production, his "Henry and Emma." *Than*, to rhyme with *man*, is *then*. The word is frequently so used in old poetry.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK. Mr. Wright thinks this ballad may be as old as the reign of Edward the Second, even earlier than Chaucer. It is found in manuscript in the Library of Cambridge University, and was first printed by Jamieson. It seems to be the oldest of the Robin Hood series, of which Ritson gives thirty-three ballads; and Professor Child thirty-eight, besides fifteen variations.

To Ritson we are indebted for the first and main collection, though we may not accept his statements concerning Robin Hood himself. He discovers not only a biography, but even a pedigree, for his hero, identifying him as one Robert Fitzooth, of good if not noble family, with some pretensions, indeed, to be rightful Earl of Huntingdon, born at Locksley in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1160, in the reign of Henry the Second. But this is all a myth. Nothing certain can be found of the man himself. There is no mention of him in history anywhere, no allusion to him in literature before the latter half of the reign of Edward the Third. "Rymes of Robyn Hood" are then spoken of by William Langley (or Langland), in his "Vision of Piers Plowman" (assigned to about 1362); and in Wyntoun's *Scottish Chronicle* (about 1420), there is a bare reference to "Lytil Ihon and Robyne Hude," under a date of 1283. There is also a notice of him in Fordoun's *Scotichronicon* (1377-84), which is probably an interpolation by a later writer. That is all yet found. Notwithstanding tradition, and Ritson's search, there is no evidence of even his personal existence. He seems to be no more than the type of the Saxon outlaw, as Arthur is the type of the earlier Briton, popular sympathy in both

cases helping to establish the heroic myth and realize the hero. Robin Hood is the impersonation of the English people's protest against the forest laws of the Norman kings. Round this ideal darling of his countrymen has grown a mass of ballad literature, extolling his prowess and his generosity, narrating his exploits, his pleasant rogueries, his hair-breadth escapes, and in his person expressing the otherwise unventured expression of popular feelings of the time. These ballads are all of a very similar character, and for poetic purposes a few specimens may suffice.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP, ROBIN HOOD AND ALLAN-A-DALE, ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE. These three ballads are, so far as language and style may be taken as evidence, of much later date than the preceding one: *Phœbus in his prime* and the *finikin lass* are hardly of ancient lineage. They may, however, be modernizations or vulgarizations of older forms. They are enough to show the nature of the whole series, and to exhibit the characteristics of Robin Hood and his merry men.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE. A ballad of the Elizabethan days, reprinted by the Percy Society from the *Garland of Good Will* (1596). Various persons concerned in the war against Spain, under Lord Essex in his expedition to Cadiz, or in other attacks upon the Spanish coast, have been confidently accredited as the hero of the story. In one family the jewels of the Spanish Lady are yet a heirloom.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON is found among black-letter broad-sheets in the Pepys collection. Here copied from Allingham's BOOK OF BALLADS.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE. The Lyke-Wake is the wake, or watch of the corpse. This dirge is one sung on such occasions in the North of England, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century. Two stanzas probably, of the Brig of Dread, have been lost. The Brig, or Bridge, of Dread, not unlike the razor edge of passage, in Mahomedan belief, is described in an old legend, "*Sir Owain*," quoted by Sir Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, edition 1802, vol. i., p. 228.

"The brig was as high as a tower,
And as sharp as a razor,
And narrow it was also;

And the water that there ran under
Burn'd of lightning and of thunder,—

. . . .

Whoso falleth off the brig adown,
Of him is no redemptiòn,
Neither more nor less.

See also Buchanan's "Ballad of Judas Iscariot" in the present volume, p. 313.

Sleet is probably misused for *salt*, salt laid in a platter at the feet of the corpse.

THE KING OF HUNGARY. Out of Gower's *Confessio Amantis.* JOHN GOWER, "moral Gower," so called by his contemporaries for the didactic nature of his works, was probably born about 1330, some ten years or so before Chaucer. He is the author of three long poems: one in French (now lost), a second in Latin (partly occasioned by the insurrection of Wat Tyler), a third in English, *The Lover's Confession* (Confessio Amantis), written between 1385 and 1393, in which the Lover confesses his sins of pride, envy, etc., and the Confessor gives him in return the experiences of other lovers. The *King of Hungary* is the story of overweening pride, or presumption (surquedrie). In his early days Gower wrote also a number of French ballads, or sonnets, in stanzas of seven and eight lines, with refrains. Our text, unaltered, except in spelling and the few words in parenthesis, is a fair sample of his more serious writing.

THE BLUIDY SARK. By the Dunfermline schoolmaster, ROBERT HENRYSON, "Chaucer's aptest and brightest scholar," whose *Robyn and Makyne* is our earliest English pastoral. *The Bluidy Sark* (or shirt), story and moral also, is taken from the *Gesta Romanorum.* The moral or "morality" is set forth in three stanzas of eight lines each,—the king explained to be "like the Trinity," the Lady "God's daughter dear," the Giant "Lucifer," etc.; wherefore we are exhorted to take heed. "Hend men! will ye not hark?"

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT. The full title of this, by MICHAEL DRAYTON, first printed in 1605, is *To the Cambro-Britans and their Harpe, his Ballad of Agincourt.* Drayton's *Barons' Wars* may be forgotten, his *Heroical Epistles* no longer interest us; his great work, the *Polyolbion*, for all its pastoral beauty and the love of English landscape there displayed, and despite the praise of Drummond and of Lamb, may now be little read; but this, the most perfect and patriotic of English ballads, can not be lost sight of, and is of itself sufficient to establish the poet's

fame. Some corrections made in the edition of 1619 are given in the text; but in two lines the 1605 copy has been preferred. The later copy has, in the second stanza—

With those that stopp'd his way,

and in the twelfth—

Down the French host did ding.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER was first printed by COLERIDGE with Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, in 1798: the marginal notes not there given. De Quincey says that the germ of the story is contained in a passage from one of the voyages of the circumnavigator Shelvocke, who relates the shooting of an albatross that had long followed the ship and was supposed to have caused a continuance of bad weather. Coleridge may also have had in his mind the voyages of Sir John Hawkins, the first slave-dealer; and intended, in the doom of the Ancient Mariner, to condemn by implication the greater inhumanity. Several stanzas were omitted, it would seem by Coleridge himself, from later editions of the poem. Two [marked in parenthesis] are restored in our text, the later one required for the narrative.

LAODAMIA. Of this, one of the stateliest poems of Wordsworth, no note seems needed; nor of THE EVE OF ST. AGNES, by KEATS; nor of THE HAMADRYAD, by LANDOR; nor of JAFFÀR, by LEIGH HUNT. Some wonder may, however, be expressed that such perfect work as that of Landor's should be so generally disregarded, that his name is scarcely seen in our anthologies.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY will be found in MACAULAY'S *Songs of the Civil War* (1824). It is here given because perhaps less known than his *Battle of Ivry* (and of equal merit), or his *Lays of Ancient Rome.* His reputation as historian and essayist has somewhat hindered his recognition as a poet, of no mean ability.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM is one of the earlier poems of HOOD, before the world knew he was greater poet than humourist. Eugene Aram, born in 1704, an usher in the Grammar School at Lynn, a man of great scholastic attainments, was hanged in 1759, at Knaresborough, for the murder of one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker of that place, thirteen years before.

THE SISTERS. This purest ballad by TENNYSON appeared in *Poems chiefly Lyrical*, in 1832.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX was first published by BROWNING in No. 7 of *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE was made on the night of April 18, 1775, to warn the inhabitants of the towns through which it was directed that the British were on their way from Boston to Concord, Mass., to seize the military stores of the patriots in the latter place.

BARCLAY OF URY was one of the earliest converts in Scotland to the doctrines of the Quakers. As a Quaker, he became an object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace, as depicted in this beautiful ballad.

YUSSOUF. From *Under the Willows and Other Poems* (1869) and probably from an Oriental source, like Hunt's Abou Ben Adhem.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW. An incident of the Indian mutiny of 1857. *Robert Trail Spence Lowell*, born at Boston, Massachusetts, is James Russell Lowell's brother.

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY, even if not told in such fulness and accuracy of detail by STEDMAN, would scarcely need a note.

THE OLD SERGEANT. This patriotic ballad was written as a New Year's Address for the carriers of an American journal, and delivered by them as such to their patrons on January 1, 1863.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. MR. BOKER is a native of Philadelphia. Sir John Franklin, the great Arctic voyager, sailed in May, 1845, to discover the North-West Passage ; dying on board his ice-bound ship in June, 1847. His fate not known till ten years later.

THE PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES. This apologue, or the germ of it, will be found in the narrative of a French writer, who claimed to have resided for upward of twenty years in the Philippines, and to have derived it from a native. The *motif* is different in the original, where the vow was made in order to obtain the love of a woman, and not to save the life of a child.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE. On the twentieth day of June, 1631, the crews of two Algerian galleys, landing at night, sacked the little seaport

town of Baltimore, in South Munster, Ireland, and carried the inhabitants into slavery. Their pilot, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had picked up at sea, was hanged for so aiding them. THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS was fellow-editor with McGee and Duffy of the Irish *Nation*, and chief of the lyrical and ballad poets who sought to establish an Irish national party during O'Connell's later years.

THE HEALING OF CONALL CARNACH, by FERGUSON, the author of the well-known poem, *The Forging of the Anchor*, repeats an old Irish legend. Besides *Congal*, an epic poem (1867), Ferguson has published a collection of poems, *Lays of the Western Gael* (1865), and (1880) a volume of ballads and lyrics, with a dramatic poem, *Deirdre*, an episode of Irish romance. He is especially notable as a translator from the early Irish.

SISTER HELEN: From the latest edition, *Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, 1881, in which the poem is considerably altered from the earlier issue.

THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS gives a fair presentment of the narrative powers of the author of *Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise*.

HAJARLIS. A recent writing of the author of *Cosmo de' Medici*, appearing with other poems in a new edition of that in 1875.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW. From *Ballads and other Poems*, 1847. The first works of the Quaker poetess appeared with those of her husband, William Howitt, in the *Forest Minstrel*, 1823; and the *Desolation of Eyam*, and other poems, 1827. The *Seven Temptations*, in 1830, was her own work. She is known also for her novels and tales; and for her translations from Frederika Bremer and Hans Andersen.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. A high tide, near Boston, which happened in 1571.

KEITH OF RAVELSTON. From a poem entitled *The Nuptial Eve*, in Dobell's *England in the Time of War*: the song supposed to be sung by a girl on her nuptial eve.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE. From *Historical and Legendary Ballads and Songs*, 1876.

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT. From Buchanan's *Poetical Works*, edition of 1874.

MAY MARGARET. Mr. Payne has written the *Masque of Shadows*, and other poems, published in 1870; *Intaglios* (sonnets), 1871; *Songs of Life and Death*, 1872; *Lautrec*, 1878; *New Poems* (rondeaux, rondels, ballads), 1880. He has also excellently translated the poems of François Villon.

JANET. Dr. George Macdonald is best known for his novels, from one of which, *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, this ballad of *Janet* is taken.

GLENKINDIE. From *A Poet's Harvest Home*, one hundred short poems, 1882. *Glenkindie* is the name of an old Scottish ballad, the story of which is identical with that of *Glasgerion*, given at page 45 of the present volume.

GLOSSARY.

A'—all ; BA'—ball ; FA'—fall ; etc.
ABOON, ABUNE,—above.
AE—one, only.
AFF—off.
A-FLIGHT—frightened.
AIK—oak.
AIRNS—irons.
AITH—oath.
ALGATE—always.
AMAY'D—a-maying.
AN—if.
ANE—one.
ANCE—once.
ANON—directly, quickly.
ARBLAST-BOW—cross-bow.
ASE—house.
ASKE—lizard, newt.
AUGRE—success.
AWA'—away.
AYONT—beyond.

BALE—ill, evil ; fire.
BALLANT—ballad.
BANDOUN—bonds.
BARNE—bairn, child.
BASNET—helmet, headpiece.
BAYLE—fire.
BEFORNE—before.
BELAID—betook.
BEN—within,—BEN the house—inside the house.
BENISON—blessing.
BENT—coarse grass on a moor or hillside ; the hillside itself.
BENTY—grassy.
BETE—heal.
BETT—lighted.
BICKER—to shoot or fight quickly ; to drive fast.
BIG—build.
BIGLY—commodious, seemly, well-built.
BIRK—birch.
BIRLED—plied.
BLAN—halted, ceased ; from BLIN—to halt.
BLEE—colour, hue.
BLEID, BLUDE, BLUID,—blood.
BORROW—rescue, ransom.
BOUN, BOUNE,—ready.
BRAE—rising ground, hillside.
BRAID—broad.
BRAST—burst.
BRAW—smart, fine, handsome.
BREE—brow.
BRENT—burnt ; BRINN—to burn.

BRIGHT—the Bright, as we say the Fair.
BRITTLING—cutting up.
BRODING—pricking.
BUG—builded.
BUGHT—fold for milking the sheep in.
BURD—girl or bride.
BUSK AND BOUN—get ready.
BUSK AND BROME—deliberately and hastily, with or without pausing for aim.
BUTT—without, outside the house.

CAIST—cast.
CHASTIE—chastise.
CHILD—a young knight.
CLAES—clothes.
CLEPED—called.
CLEUCH—a hollow between hills; clever, light-fingered.
COFT—bought.
CORBIE—raven, crow.
COULTERS—ploughshares.
CRAMOISIE—crimson.
CRAWN—crowed.
CRICK—louse, ant.
CROWT—crumple.
CRYANCE—fear.
CUNNAND—contract.
CURCH—cap, kerchief for the head.

DAIS—a raised part of a room, the place of honour, as a quarter-deck.
DANG, of DING—fling or attack with violence.
DAUNTON—frighten.
DAW'—dawn; DAWE—day.
DEE—die.
DERE—harm.
DIGHT—doom, doomed; wipe.
DISTRAIN—distress.
DOLE—dolour, grief.
DOO—dove.
DOUGHT—were or would be able.
DOUK—duck, dive.
DRAD—dreaded.
DRECHE—trouble.
DREE—suffer, undergo.
DRIE—drive.
DULE—grief.

EEN—eyes.
EKE—also.
ELDRIDGE, ELDRITCH,—elfin, elvish.
ENOW—enough.

FAEM—foam.
FAIN—glad.
FAULD-DYKE—fold-ditch.
FAUSE—false.
FEE—wage.
FERE—equal companion; IN FERE—together.
FERLIE—wonder.
FIT, FITTE, FYTTE,—division of a song, a tune.
FLAW-BLOWN—blown in flakes.
FLEY'D—frightened.
FLYTE—scold.
FOLD—enfold; earth.
FOODER—mass, cart-load.
FORTHY—for this; on this account.
FOU—a bushel measure.
FRAE—from.
FREKE—strong man.
FURS—furrows.

GAE—go; GAED—went.
GANG—go.

GAIR—gore, seam.
GAR—cause, make, compel.
GAUN—going.
GIE—give.
GIN—if.
GLEDE—a live-coal.
GLENT—went hastily.
GOD'S-PENNY—earnest-money.
GOLETT—throat.
GOWD—gold.
GRAMARIE—magic.
GRAT—wept; GREET—weep.
GREVES—groves.
GRITHE—grace.
GRYMING—sprinkling.
GRYPE—griffin.
GUDE—good.
GULE—red.
GURLY—bleak, stormy, rough.

HAE—have.
HAPP'D—covered.
HARP AND CARP—play and talk, recite or sing.
HAUD—hold.
HAULD—hold, house, keep.
HAUSE-BANE—neck-bone.
HEDE NOME—taken heed.
HEID—head.
HEIL—wholesome.
HELE—health.
HELY—highly, loudly.
HELLIS-CRUIK—hook for hanging vessels on in the chimney.
HEND—gentle.
HENT—lifted.
HERRY—harry.
HETT—bid.
HIE—high.
HIGHT—named; bid, promise.
HINDE—gentle.
HOLD—keep, fortified house.
HOOL—husk.
HOOLY—softly, slowly.
HOUZEL—give the last sacrament.
HURKLING—cowering, crouching.

ILKA—each.
IRK—displeased.

JAPE—trick.
JIMP—slender.

KAIM, KAME,—comb.
KANE—tax, toll.
KELL—a net for the hair.
KEMPES, KEMPERY,—champions.
KEN—know.
KEPPIT—kept.
KNAPSCAP—helmet.
KNAW—know.
KNOWES—knolls.
KYE—kine.

LAIDEN—did lay.
LAIGH—low.
LAITIS—bearing, behaviour.
LANCE—leap.
LANE—alone; YOUR LANE—by yourself.
LAP—leaped.
LAW—low.
LAWING—lodging-rent, dues.
LAYNE—deny.
LAZAR—leper, beggar.
LEAR—learning; LEAR'D—learn'd, taught.
LEASE—leash.
LEE—lie.
LEECH—surgeon, physician.
LEMAN—lady-love.
LET—hinder, hindered.

LEVEN—lawn.
LIEFER—rather.
LIFT—heaven, sky.
LIGHTLY ME—make light of me.
LINCOME-TWINE—Lincoln cloth.
LING—heather.
LIRK—a nook or sheltering corner of a hill.
LITE—little.
LITHER—slippery, deceitful.
LOME—tool, instrument.
LOOT—let.
LOUR'D—rather.
LOUT—bow down, lower.
LOW—flame, blaze.
LOWN—calm.
LYART—gray streaked with white.
LYKE-WAKE—corpse-watch.
LYNDE, LYNE,—linden, lime, trees generally.

MAILL—toll.
MAIR—more.
MAKE—mate.
MANE—moan.
MANY-PLIE—many-folded under-coat.
MAUGRE—in spite of.
MAUN—must.
MAY—maid, maiden.
MAYNE—main, power.
MEANY, MENIE, MEYNÈ,—company.
MERK, MIRK,—dark, dismal.
MERLION—merlin.
MICKLE—much.
MINGED—mentioned.
MINNIE—mother.
MO, MOE,—more.
MORT—a flourish on the horns for the death of the deer.
MOTE—may, might, must.

NA—not; SAYNA—speak not.
NAE—no.
NAPERIE—table-cloth.
NICKED—hit.
NICHER AND SNEER—neigh and snort.
NOME—taken.
NYE—nigh.

OOK—week.
OUGHT—owned.
OWRE—o'er, over.
OUTSPECKLE—laughing-stock.

PARLE—parley, speak.
PAYNIM—pagan.
PEEL—a Border fortress.
PLAIT—plaited, twined.
PLED—pleaded.
POIN'D—impounded, seized.
PORTERVER—portmanteau.
PRINK'D AND PREEN'D—decked and pinned.
PU'—pull.

QUERT—in good spirits.
QUIT—requited.

RAMP—roving, wild.
RANSHACKLED—ransacked.
REAVE—bereave, rob, deprive.
REDE—advise, counsel.
RIN—run.
ROW—roll; rough.
ROWAN-BERRY — mountain-ash berry.
ROW-FOOTED—rough-footed.
RUDD—complexion.

SACKLESS—blameless.
SAE—so.
SAIN'D—sanctified, baptized.

SAIR—sore, earnest.
SARK—shirt.
SAULE—soul.
SCHULE—school.
SCROGGS—low bushes.
SECHE—seek.
SHAWS—woods, herbage.
SHEAR—steep, straight.
SHRIVEN—confessed.
SIC, SICCAN,—such.
SILLY—simple, poor.
SIMMER—summer.
SIN-SYNE—since then
SITH—since.
SKEELY—skilful.
SLAE—sloe.
SLIGHT—pull down, demolish.
SLOCKEN—slaked.
SLODE—slid, shivered.
SLOGAN—war-cry.
SNELL—sharp, severe.
SOUGH—the sighing and sobbing of the wind.
SPAIT—flood.
SPALE—a splinter of wood.
SPEIR—ask, inquire; a look-out hole in the wall.
SPENDED—wielded.
SPLENT ON SPAULD—armour on limbs.
SPRENT—sprinkled.
STEAR—stir.
STEIK'D—fastened.
STERN—stars.
STOUR—turmoil, strife.
STREEK'D—stroked, smoothed.
STRIPED—struck.
STYE—a place; STYTHE—a strong place.
SURQUEDRIE—presumption, insolent pride, arrogance.
SWAPPED—exchanged blows.
SWEVENS—dreams.
SWIRE—neck, throat.
SWITH—swiftly.
SYNE—since, then.

TETT—tassel.
THAE—those.
THAN—then (often so for sake of rhyme).
THEGITHER—together.
THEEK, THEIK—thatch.
THILKE—that.
THO—those; then.
THOLE—endure, undergo.
TILL—entice, wile.
TINE, TYNE—lose.
TIRLED—rattled.
TOD—fox.
TONE—taken.
TOOM—empty.
TRATTLES—chatter.
TREE—wood, timber.
TREW—trow, trust.
TREWS—trousers.
TROW—think, believe.
TUSH—tusk.

UNLUSOME—unlovely, undesirable.
UNMAKELY-MADE—ill-made.

VERAMENT—verily.
VERRA—very.

WAD—would; a pledge.
WAE—woe, woeful.
WAIL-HEAD—eddy.
WAINE—dwelling, abode.
WAKE—watch.
WALKER—a fuller.

WALL-WIGHT—a picked strong man.

WAN—won ; pale ; also (applied to water) black, deep.

WANE—manner.

WAP—lap, wrap

WARISON—reward.

WAT—wet

WEED—dress, armour.

WEEN—think.

WEET—wet.

WEIRD—doom.

WEREN—were.

WHILK—which.

WHILOME—a while ago.

WIGHTLY—bravely, manly,

WILD—the wild creatures.

WIS—guess, know.

WITHOUTEN—without.

WOADED—dyed of a blue colour.

WODE, WOOD, WUD,—mad.

WOLDS—downs, open country, waste lands.

WON—dwell.

WOT—guess, know.

WOUCHE—disaster, mischief.

WOW—woe.

WROKEN—wreaked, avenged.

WROUGHT—cared, recked.

WYNNIT—dwelt.

YARE—alert, ready.

YEARDFAST—earth'd-fast, deeply fixed.

YEDE—go.

YE'SE—you shall.

YETT—gate.

YING—young.

YODE—went, walked.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.